

The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring large, irregular patches of brown, tan, and cream, with smaller veins and spots of red and dark green. The left edge of the image shows the dark, possibly black, spine of the book. In the bottom-left corner, there is a small, rectangular white paper label with black text. The text on the label is arranged in two lines: 'F-46.103' on the top line and 'H8382' on the bottom line. A faint diagonal line is visible across the label, passing through the text.

F-46.103
H8382







CHOICE HYMNS,
FOR
SOCIAL AND PRIVATE DEVOTION,



LORD'S DAY SCHOOLS

AND

REVIVALS.

SELECTED BY JONATHAN HOWE.

It is good to sing praises to our God! for it is pleasant; and
praise is comely for the upright.

DAVID.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
J. HOWE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.
1842.

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CHOICE HYMNS.

GOD....INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

1. L. M.

- 1 GOD is a name my soul adores ;
Th' Almighty Three, th' eternal One ;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.
- 2 From thy great self, thy being springs ;
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine ;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run :
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling place of worms.

- 6 How shall polluted mortals dare
 To sing thy glory or thy grace?
 Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
 We see but shadows of thy face!
- 7 Who can behold the blazing light?
 Who can approach consuming flame?
 None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
 None but thy word can speak thy name.

2. 8s.

- 1 THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'd praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

3. C. M.

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting all!
 I've none but thee in heaven above,
 Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod!
 There's nothing here deserves my joys;
 There's nothing like my God.

- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light ;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And while upon my restless bed
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 7 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

4. C. M.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,
No more a stranger, nor a guest,
But like a child at home.

5. C. M.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God forever near?
- 2 Dost thou a Father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To sooth their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?

- 4 To all thine other favors, add
A heart to trust thy word ;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the LORD.

6. C. M.

- 1 YE humble souls approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, LORD, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise,
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt regard,
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

7. L. M.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the LORD ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun and moon and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 But O ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love ;
God's only SON, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There, in the land of praise, adore ;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

8. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Power ! Almighty God !
Who can approach thy throne ?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine ;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below ?

To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and wo?

4 But O! to show thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near!
Amazing and transporting grace,
To dwell with mortals here!

5 How strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

6 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise, and mean thy praise.

9. C. M.

1 MY God! for I can call thee mine,
My Father and my Friend;
Am I not thine, forever thine?
To thee my groans ascend.

2 My God! How pleasing is the sound!
What can I wish for more?
In thee, my God, my soul has found
An everlasting store.

3 My God,—I still repeat the cry,
Bring thy salvation near;
My God, do thou my wants supply,
And manifest thy care.

- 4 This word can lighten every care
 While I can say, My God,
 Fulness in poverty I share,
 And satisfying food.
- 5 Eternal thanks to thy great name,
 Whose grace hath made me thine;
 Nothing shall put my soul to shame
 While I can call thee mine.
- 6 Let grateful thanks to JESUS rise,
 Who bought me with his blood,
 Who gave his life a sacrifice
 Ere I could say, My God.
- 7 Joyful in tribulation now
 I bless my GOD and KING;
 Of mercy, and of judgment too,
 With cheerful voice I sing.

10. C. M.

- 1 MY GOD, how cheerful is the sound!
 How pleasant to repeat!
 Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
 Where GOD hath fix'd his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our GOD supply
 From his redundant stores?
 What streams of mercy from on high
 An Arm almighty pours!
- 3 From CHRIST, the ever-living spring,
 These ample blessings flow;
 Prepare my lips, his name to sing,
 Whose heart hath lov'd us so.

- 4 Now to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And in the highest heaven.

11. L. M.

- 1 AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them :
Thus saith the LORD to his elect,
“ So will I guard Jerusalem.”
- 2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This object of his tender care ?
Where is its worth in God's esteem ?
Who built it ?—Who inhabits there ?
- 3 JEHOVAH founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate SON ;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own.
- 4 There, though besieg'd on ev'ry side,
Yet much beloved, and guarded well ;
From age to age they have defy'd
The utmost force of earth and hell.
- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence ;
Her name is call'd, “ The LORD is there ;”
And who has power to drive them hence ?

12. C. M.

- 1 O! FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Cause me to tear it from my heart,
And worship only thee.
- 3 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

13. H. M.

- 1 GOD'S promises are sweet,
They melt the soul in tears;
They are so good and great,
They banish all our fears;
But all the promises of God
Flow through the Saviour's streaming blood.
- 2 Our God has promis'd light
To open our dark eyes,
And form our views aright,
Celestial good to prize;
He promis'd life, and joy and peace,
With all the stores of heav'nly grace.
- 3 He promis'd we shall stand
Victorious over all;

And enter Canaan's land,
 Before his throne to fall ;
 He promis'd brilliant harps of gold,
 To all the dear Redeemer's fold.

- 4 Now, Lord, to thee we cry,
 Bless ev'ry waiting heart ;
 'The promises apply,
 'The promis'd good impart ;
 To our dear JESUS may we cleave,
 And all the promises receive.

14. C. M.

- 1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song :
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 The harmonious heavenly throng.
- 3 O for a glance of heavenly love
 Our hearts and songs to raise ;
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,
 And mingle with their lays !
- 4 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 " Glory to God on high ;
 Good will and peace are now complete,
 JESUS was born to die."

- 5 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

15. C. M.

- 1 " SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
News from the region of the skies,
Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 " JESUS, the GOD whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you ;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 " No gold nor purple swathing bands,
Nor royal shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the KING of kings.
- 4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the SON."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :
- 6 " Glory to GOD who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth :
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Glory to God, who reigns above,
 Who pitied us forlorn,
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For us a Saviour's born.

16. H. M.

1 SPIRIT divine descend,
 With thy celestial fire;
 Our mortal notes befriend,
 And all our hearts inspire;
 A theme more grand was never sung
 By human tongue or heavenly band.

2 Well might th' angelic choir,
 All struck with glad amaze,
 In such a song conspire,
 And unknown anthems raise.
 Well might they wake and bid our race,
 (Hymning the grace,) their joys partake.

3 "Glory to God on high."
 Resounds each heavenly hill!
 "Peace, peace on earth," they cry,
 "To man, to man, good will!"
 From shore to shore, hail the bright morn;
 A Saviour's born, whom we adore."

17. C. M.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

18. L. M.

- 1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
JESUS, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise !)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live forever, wond'rous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !
Then ask the monster, " where's thy sting ?"
And " where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

19. L. M.

- 1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie ;
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death :
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath !
- 3 Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd :
In *his* release *our own* we see,
And joy to view JEHOVAH pleas'd.

- 4 JESUS, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
And ever lives, their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen LORD, my soul, behold,
See the rich diadem he wears !
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

20. S. M.

- 1 I AM, saith CHRIST, *the Way*.
Now if we credit Him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 I am, saith CHRIST, *the Truth*.
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.
- 3 I am, saith CHRIST, *the Life*.
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows, without further strife,
'That all besides is death.
- 4 If what these words aver,
The HOLY GHOST apply ;
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

21. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of Sovereign Grace,
Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No; still the ear of Sovereign Grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

22. L. M.

- 1 THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither! ah whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my LORD?

- Can this dark world of sin and wo,
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life, thy words impart !
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
While thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile—one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest LORD, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more ;
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair !
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye ;
For life, eternal life, is thine !

23. C. M.

- 1 TO our Redcemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue !
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach !
What mortal tongue display !
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy ;
JESUS be our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.
- 4 JESUS, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die :—
Was ever love like this ?
- 5 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
“ The Saviour died for *me* ! ”
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue !
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

24. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray ;
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face I have so often seen ?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distress ;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 This precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

25. S. M.

- 1 ALL hail! redeeming LORD,
Sweet day-spring from on high;
All hail! thou Sun of righteousness,
With all thy vital joy.
- 2 In deepest shades of death,
The borders of despair,
We lie oppress'd with heavy gloom,
And constant fetters wear.
- 3 Shine, lovely Star of day,
Around and in us shine,
And our benighted souls shall own
Thy light and love divine.
- 4 Our wandering footsteps guide,
'Through all this desert place;
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
Of purity and peace.
- 5 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheer'd with thy vital ray
And open to our longing eyes
The road to perfect day.

26. 7s.

- 1 COME thou long-expected JESUS,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in thee :
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all thy saints thou art ;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

27 8s.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine in endless day?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;

- 'Twas midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star ! bade darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of JESUS ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
And O, may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not asham'd of me !
- 7 His institutions would I prize,
'Take up my cross, the shame despise ;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

28. C. M.

- 1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The LORD my portion is.
- 2 JESUS, who on his glorious throne,
Rules heaven, and earth and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself for me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd
And all my wants supplied.

29. 10 & 11.

1 A FULLNESS resides in JESUS our head,
And ever abides to answer our need;
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not to fear;
Our num'rous complaints his mercy will hear:
His fullness shall yield us abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.

3 The fountain o'erflows our woes to redress,
Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace;
His gifts in abundance we daily receive;
He has a redundance for all that believe.

4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will JESUS bestow,
As still shall support us, and silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us while JESUS is near.

5 When troubles attend, or danger or strife,
His love will defend and guard us through life;
And when we are fainting, and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting, his hand will supply.

30. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of JESUS' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Babes, men and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall ;
Now, join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

31. C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays ;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise ?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King ;
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
LORD, teach our songs to rise !
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

32. S. M.

- 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 To ever fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 4 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest ;
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food and safety blest ;
Beneficence divine.
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
JESUS, I plead thy precious name,
For all my hopes are there.

33. S. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bonds ;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us CHRIST to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head ;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since CHRIST and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If he in heaven has fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

34. 7 & 6.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see JESUS,
And reign with him above ;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love ?

When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed JESUS
Drink endless pleasures in ?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er !
His faithful word has promis'd
A righteous crown to give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to JESUS,
On wings of love, I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on JESUS,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

- 5 O do not be discourag'd
For JESUS is your friend ;
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend :
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft'ner you request ;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
- 6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the sleeping millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Saviour's face behold ;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold ;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The host celestial sing ;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal King.

35. C. M.

- 1 LORD, thy bright glories now I see ;
Transport me while they shine ;
What shall I render unto thee
For pleasures so divine ?

- 2 Help me to give my heart away,
My time and talents too ;
Then shall I walk in open day,
And brighter glories view.
- 3 Sway my whole soul, and conquer sin,
My holy warfare crown :
Make me all fair and pure within,
Clear as the rising sun.
- 4 May all my inward foes be slain,
And all my soul be free ;
And may I fervently maintain
A closer walk with thee.
- 5 More may I pant for things above,
Trace thee in all thy ways,
Live a sweet life of purer love,
And more exalted praise.
- 6 Then shall my soul at last be found
Where all thy glory reigns ;
And there eternal praises sound
In high seraphic strains.

36. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.
- 2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor thou art ;
Oh never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart !

[The following Hymn was written by a young lady of wealth and fashion, who, on being converted, was banished from home by her irreligious father.]

37. 3 & 7.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee !
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

38. 6 & 9.

- 1 O HOW happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above

Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believ'd,
 What true joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name !

3 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know ;
And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see !
 He hath lov'd me, I cried,
 He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
 I was carry'd above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain ;
 And I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

- 6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justifi'd I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was quite under my feet.
- 7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in his life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possess
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd within the fullness of God.

39. L. M.

- 1 WHERE shall I fly but to thy feet,
My Saviour, my almighty Friend ?
Dear names, beyond expression sweet !
On these my hopes of bliss depend.
- 2 Where shall I rest, but on thy grace,
Thy boundless grace divinely free ?
On earth I find no resting place ;
Dear Saviour, bid me come to thee !
- 3 Though sin detains me from my Lord,
I long, I languish to be blest :
O speak one soul reviving word,
And bid me come to thee, my rest.
- 4 When I this wretched heart explore,
Here no kind source of hope appears ;

But O, my soul, that grace adore,
Free grace, which triumphs o'er my fears.

- 5 JESUS, from thy atoning blood,
My only consolation flows ;
Hope beams from thee, my Saviour God,
My soul no other refuge knows.

40. L. M.

- 1 WHY should my pining spirit be
So long a stranger to my Lord,
When promises divinely free,
Invite me in his sacred word ?
- 2 Does not he bid the weary come,
And call the wretched sons of grief
To him, their refuge and their home,
Their heavenly friend, their sure relief ?
- 3 Yes, by the kindest, tenderest names,
My Lord invites my humble trust ;
My diffidence he gently blames ;
How soft the censure, and how just.
- 4 Though all the powers of nature fail,
And life's pale trembling lamp decline ;
Thy grace can bid my faith prevail,
Can give me fortitude divine.
- 5 That grace which bids my hope aspire
Can ev'ry anxious fear remove,
Can give me all my soul's desire,
The full assurance of thy love.

41. L. M.

- 1 HAIL, Sovereign Love, which first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the mention of his grace;
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure, without a hiding place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty grace, arrest that man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But Justice cry'd, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy for my soul appear'd;
She led me on a pleasant pace,
To JESUS CHRIST, my hiding place.
- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
For JESUS is my hiding place.

- 8 For us he deign'd in flesh to dwell,
For us o'ercame the powers of hell :
He proffers mercy to our race,
And makes himself a hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling years at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
When I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

42. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly ;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high !
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide :
O receive my soul at last !
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want ;
Boundless love in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.

- 6 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 7 Plent'ous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Let me feel them flow within.
- 8 Thou, of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise in vast eternity !

43. 11s.

- 1 WHILE nature was smiling in stillness to rest,
 The last beams of daylight were dim in the west ;
 O'er fields by pale moonlight, in lonely retreat,
 In deep meditation I wandered my feet.
- 2 I passed a garden—I paused to hear
 A voice faint and falt'ring from one kneeling there ;
 The voice of the mourner affected my heart,
 While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
- 3 In offering to Heaven his pitying prayer,
 He spake of the torments the sinner must bear ;
 His life as a ransom he offered to give
 That sinners redeemed in glory might live.
- 4 I listened awhile, then turned me to see
 What man of compassion this stranger could be ;
 When lo ! I discovered, knelt on the cold ground,
 The loveliest being that ever was found.
- 5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night—
 His locks, by pale moonlight, were glist'ning and bright ;
 His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were raised,
 While around him in grandeur stood angels amaz'd.

- 6 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears !
I wept to behold him, and asked his name,
He answered, "Tis JESUS! from heaven I came.
- 7 "I am thy Redeemer—for thee I must die !
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins, which are many, are laid upon me,
And all this sore anguish I suffer for thee!"
- 8 I heard with attention the tale of his wo,
While tears of repentance like rivers did flow ;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Afflicted my heart, and I fell at his feet :
- 9 With the voice of contrition I loudly did cry,
Lord, save, or I perish—O save, or I die !
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me. "Live,
"Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive!"
- 10 How sweet was that sentence, which made me rejoice!
His looks, how consoling! how charming his voice !
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted, "Hosanna!—O glory to God!"
- 11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above—
My soul's full of glory, of life, light, and love;
I think of the garden, the sweat, and the tears,
"And of that lovely Stranger who banished my fears."
- 12 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound ;
My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

44. 8 & 7.

- 1 FAR from me be grief and sadness,
Farther still unhallowed mirth,
Zion's sons may sing for gladness ;
Their's are joys of nobler birth ;
Jesus owns them, Jesus owns them,
He is Lord of heaven and earth.

- 2 All the worldlings' mirth is madness,
All their labour fruitless toil ;
'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
Though the world their choice revile ;
Sweet their portion, sweet their portion,
Life is in the Saviour's smile.
- 3 Once the world was all our treasure,
Then the world our hearts possessed ;
But we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us blessed ;
We can witness, we can witness,
Jesus gives his people rest.
- 4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He has brought salvation near ;
Manifests his pardoning favor ;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body, soul and body,
Shall his glorious image bear.
- 5 This hath set me all on fire,
Strongly glows the flame of love ;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher
Struggles for its swift remove ;
Then I'll praise him, then I'll praise him
In a nobler strain above.

45. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

O that will be joyful, O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet,
When we meet to part no more.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

46. 7 & 6.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears ;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour ;
Each cry to Heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above :
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay ;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

47. 8s.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, of all on earth, most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far,—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

48. L. M.

- 1 HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathering round,
The voice of Jesus filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his follower's way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling one immortal day.

- 3 Come, wanderers, to my father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Now to the Lord who makes us know,
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

49. 8 & 7.

- 1 JESUS stands, oh how amazing,
Stands and knocks at ev'ry door ;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffer'd to the wretched poor.
- 2 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest ;
Listen, while he kindly calls you,
Hear, and be forever blest.
- 3 Will you spurn his richest mercy,
Spurn, and sink to endless pain ;
Or to realms of bliss and glory,
Rise, and with him ever reign ?
- 4 Now he has not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race ;
But to ransom ruined sinners,
And display unbounded grace.
- 5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain !
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise, and with him ever reign ?

- 6 Will you hear this invitation,
Seek and have your sins forgiven ?
Or neglect the great salvation,
Kindly offer'd you from heaven ?

50. 8s.

- 1 A POOR, way-faring man of grief,
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay :
I had not pow'r to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came ;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he spake ;
Just perishing for want of bread ;
I gave him all, he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but give me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock, his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Then dipped, returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

- 4 'Twas night. The floods were out ; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof.
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden, while I dreamed.
- 5 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.
- 6 In prison I s. w him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die !
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will !"
- 7 Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes !

He spake, and my poor name he named—
“Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst it unto me.”

51. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief,
Nor him forget who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And can'st thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?
- 4 Oh! no—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And lisp'ing this from earth I'll rise
And join the chorus of the skies.

52. 7s.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death shades o'er thee spread,
Thou hast finished earth's career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,

When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found ?

- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, Oh where wilt thou appear ?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part ?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?

53. C. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes ;
The lilies grow and thrive ;
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine,
From JESUS flow to ev'ry vine,
And make the dead revive.
- 2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When JESUS conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me,
Who come to CHRIST may live.

54. 11s.

- 1 UPHOLD me, my Saviour, in this doubtful race,
Till I enter glory to gaze on thy face,
'Tis then, O my Saviour, I'll love thee alone,
When I enter glory, my permanent home.
- 2 My soul now rejoices, my Saviour, to know
That thou wilt protect me through this vale of wo;
For me thou dost pray on thy heavenly throne,
My faith may not fail till I enter my home.
- 3 How sweet, O my Saviour, the thought of that day
When thou wilt my soul bear from earth far away;
I'll watch unto prayer, until angels do come
To bear me away to my heavenly home.
- 4 Away then those joys which glide swiftly away,
No more their false charms shall my heart lead astray;
Their notes and their songs they do jar in their tone,
Compared with the joys which await me at home.
- 5 Here then, as an exile, I'll willingly stay;
With patience I'll wait, and attend to the day
When my Saviour shall call from his heavenly throne,
Come, child, come away to thy own native home.

55. C. M.

- 1 O, LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come;
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ, at home?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.

- 3 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom ;
I long to leave unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ, at home.
- 4 How long, dear Saviour, O how long !
When will thy chariot come,
To bear my waiting soul away
To my eternal home !

56. 8 & 7.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast ;
'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven ;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

57. 8s.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
I'm bound to the land of Canaan.
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
I'm bound to the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I'm bound to the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, it is my happy home;
I'm bound to the land of Canaan.
- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness;
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest LAMB,
Shall take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

58. 8 & 6.

- 1 O, WHY should sinful men below,
To wild delusions giv'n,
Beneath their feet the gospel throw,
And thus their hopes of peace forego,
And all the joys of heav'n?
- 2 Too long, indeed, with love divine,
My soul, like theirs, had striv'n;
Now, chang'd by grace, this heart of mine
Can all the charms of earth resign,
And seek its rest in heav'n.
- 3 No more, with mercy's self at war,
On error's waves I'm driv'n;
From sin's dark shoals I steer me far,
My Saviour's smile my polar star,
My home the port of heav'n.

59. 8 & 6.

- 1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstan heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee!
To thee, my God, to thee!

- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee !
On thee, my God, on thee !
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space,
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee !
To thee, my God, to thee !
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe, 'neath the shelter of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in thee !
In thee, my God, in thee !

60. 7 & 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove ;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above.
Show me, Lord, how good thou art ;
Now thy gracious word fulfil ;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.
- 2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me ;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee :

Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within, oh deign to dwell ;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

- 3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me ;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee.
Make me choose the better part ;
Oh, do thou my pardon seal ;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

61. C. M.

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !
- 2 Oh for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
Where JESUS reigns alone.
- 3 Oh for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean !
Which neither life, nor death, can part
From him who dwells within.
- 4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Oh, write thy name upon my heart—
Thy name, O God, is Love.

62. L. M.

- 1 AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour—
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin's polluting power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart ;
More of thine image let me bear :
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign, without a rival, there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength ;
Oh be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign :
Sick, or in health—or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

63. C. P. M.

- 1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine !
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine :

- I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne :
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would, in everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face :
 Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

64. 8, 7, & 4.

- 1 SINNERS, come, believe the message,
 Sent in mercy from above !
 Every sentence—oh how tender !
 Every line is full of love :
 Listen to it—
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim,
 " Pardon to each rebel sinner !
 Free forgiveness in his name."
 How important !—
 " Free forgiveness in his name !"

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears :
Tender heralds !—
Chase away the falling tears.

65. L. M.

- 1 OH happy day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction 's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow, renewed, shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

66. 10s & 11s.

- 1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will JESUS receive.
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go.
Lo! onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wonderful my journey will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel CHRIST within.
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For JESUS hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

67. 6 & 4.

- 1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou LAMB of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;

As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll ;
 Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransom'd soul.

68. 11 & 10.

1 HAIL the blest morn, when the great Mediator,
 Down from the regions of glory descends ;
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
 Lo ! for your guide the bright angel descends.

2 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Shine on our darkness and lend us your aid ;
 Star in the East the horizon adorning,
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

- 3 Cold in his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 4 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, in offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

69. L. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives—he lives! who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head!
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives!—all glory to his name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
How great the joy this sentence gives,
“I know that my Redeemer lives!”

70. L. M.

- 1 WHEN, O my Saviour, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart;
But live around that hallowed place?
- 2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If JESUS be not with me there;
All worldly joys, compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.
- 3 O could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,
No fond allurements should beguile
A heart so privileged—so blest.
- 4 Come then, my Saviour, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove;
Recall me to thine arms again,
And bind me there "with chords of love."

71. L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At JESUS' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at JESUS' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would : but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
Appear in my poor heart, appear ;
My God, my Saviour, come away !

72. 7s.

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure ;
Save me LORD, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow ;
Should my zeal no languor know ;
This for sin could not atone ;

Thou must save, and thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

73. 7s.

- 1 HOLY JESUS, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am ;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my dearest object be,
Let me ever cleave to thee ;
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Whom have I on earth below ?
Only thee I wish to know !
Whom have I in heav'n but thee ?
Thou art all in all to me.
- 4 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love :
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite ! unsearchable.

- 5 Nothing else may I require ;
Let me, thee alone desire :
Pleas'd with what thy love provides ;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

74. C. P. M.

- 1 WHENE'ER I look into thy word,
And read about my dearest LORD,
The Friend of sinful man ;
And trace my Saviour's footsteps there ;
What humble love, what holy fear
Through all his conduct ran !
- 2 If I regard the matchless grace
He show'd unto the human race,
How he for them became
A poor sojourner here below,
Oppress'd by pain and sorrow too,
I can't but love his name.
- 3 And when I view his love to God,
Those steps in which the Saviour trod,
I long to tread them too !
I long to be inspir'd with zeal
To execute my Father's will,
As JESUS us'd to do.
- 4 I read that he, on duty bent,
To lonely places often went,
To seek his Father there :
The early morn and dewy ground
Can witness, they the Saviour found
Engag'd in fervent pray'r.

- 5 And did my Saviour love to pray
 Before the light unveil'd the day?
 And shall I backward be?
 No, dearest LORD, forbid the thought;
 Help me to fight, as JESUS fought,
 Each foe that hinders me.
- 6 And you, my friends, who love his name,
 Who love to imitate the Lamb,
 And more of JESUS know;
 Come, let us all surround his throne,
 And see what blessings on his own
 Our Saviour will bestow.

75. L. M.

- 1 WHY should our garments, made to hide
 Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
 The art of dress did ne'er begin,
 'Till Eve, our mother, learn to sin.
- 2 When first she put the covering on,
 Her robe of innocence was gone;
 And yet her children vainly boast
 In the sad marks of glory lost.
- 3 Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind;
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
 These are the robes of richest dress.
- 4 No more shall worms with me compare,
 This is the raiment angels wear:
 The Son of GOD, when here below,
 Put on this blest apparel too.

- 5 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.
- 6 In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven, and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

76. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
- 2 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?
- 3 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 4 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call, that bids us rise
To mansions promised in the skies.

77. L. M.

- 1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my LORD ;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own.
- 3 Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death ;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 4 Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross ;
But the pure gold sustains no loss ;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.
- 5 Is he a rock ? How firm he proves !
The Rock of Ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.
- 6 Is he design'd a corner-stone
For men to build their hopes upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 7 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise ;

There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' Incarnate God.

- 8 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

78. S. M.

- 1 DID CHRIST o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

79. L. M.

- 1 CHRIST is my Rock, my Hope, my Stay;
In him I'd triumph all the day:
Who can conceive the pure delight
My soul enjoys when he's in sight.
- 2 Though num'rous evils o'er me roll,
And threaten ruin to my soul,

Still in the strength my JESUS brings,
My soul triumphant loudly sings.

- 3 Sings in the midst of various woes ;
Sings through the host of all its foes :
Presses its rapid course to God,
Through the rich plea of JESUS' blood.
- 4 For all the grace that makes me sing,
I'll ever thank my God and King ;
'Tis he alone my triumphs raise,
And he alone shall have the praise.

80. H. M.

- 1 TO know that CHRIST is mine,
To view his smiling face.
To see his glory shine,
Gives pure and perfect peace ;
O may I ever sing and say,
" JESUS the Saviour died for me."
- 2 To me, how wond'rous kind,
To me, what blessings flow ;
His cross delights my mind,
His love transports my soul :
While on his bosom I recline,
He tells me all he has is mine.
- 3 Mine, his atoning blood !
And mine, his righteousness !
Mine all the grace of God !
And mine the gospel peace !

Mine ev'ry promise in the word,
And mine the fullness of the LORD!

- 4 JESUS I now adore,
Salvation now I prove ;
Lord, may I never more
Suspect thy dying love ;
Let none deprive me of this plea,
" The great Redeemer died for me."

81. 8, 7 & 4.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

82. L. M.

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
JESUS, thy love exceeds the rest ;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While of thy absence we complain,
And mourn or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 3 When round thy courts by day we rové,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of our Love,
Thy very name creates delight.
- 4 JESUS, our God, yet rather come ;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face ;
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

83. C. M.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more delight afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the LORD.

- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, and gracious voice
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
And may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
- 6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

84. S. M.

- 1 I LANGUISH for a sight
Of Him who reigns on high;
Jesus, my soul's supreme delight,
For him alone I sigh.
- 2 O that I knew the place
Where I might find my God,
And make the arms of his embrace
My soul's secure abode!
- 3 Near to his mercy seat,
Where grace triumphant reigns,

I'd come and worship at his feet,
And tell him all my pains.

4 The arguments I'd use
My troubles should suggest :
Nor can my blessed Lord refuse
The cause of the distress'd.

5 O JESUS, bring me near,
New life, new strength impart,
Banish at once my slavish fear,
And dwell within my heart.

85. L. M.

1 JESUS, what shall I do to show
How much I love thy glorious name ?
Let my whole heart with rapture glow
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

2 Yes, dearest Lord, my heart is thine,
Sacred to thee be all its powers !
O bid me give to love divine
The little remnant of my hours !

3 Thou narrow heart, ye fleeting hours,
How mean the tribute you can raise !
The grace my thankful soul adores,
Claims an eternity of praise !

4 Lord, if a distant view of thee
Can give such sweet, such rich delight ;
What must their joy, their transport be,
Who dwell forever in thy sight ?

- 5 To that bright world my heart aspires,
Where all the glories of thy face
Unveil'd, shall fill the soul's desires,
And tune the song to boundless grace !
- 6 O teach my heart, my life, my voice
To celebrate thy wond'rous love !
Fulfil my hopes, complete my joys,
And bid me join the songs above.

86. C. M.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu ;
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 JESUS, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
JESUS, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 3 Should both the Indies at my call
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.
- 5 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

87. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath ;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

88. 8, 7 & 4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
He is able ;
He is willing : doubt no more.

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream.
All the fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and ruin'd by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners JESUS came to call.
- 4 View him groaning in the garden ;
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold him :
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finished !
Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 5 Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood,
Venture on him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude.
None but JESUS
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 6 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

89. 11s.

- 1 O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood;
Thou art my Redeemer, my LORD, and my God.
- 2 All human expressions are empty and vain,
They cannot unriddle LOVE's heavenly flame:
I'm sure if the tongue of an angel were mine,
I could not this myst'ry completely define.
- 3 I'm happy, my Saviour, and that past account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
- 4 O JESUS, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest;
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song;
Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my tongue.
- 5 O who's like my Saviour; he's Salem's bright King!
He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

90. L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

91. L. M.

- 1 " I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
" A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge,
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share.
- 2 " A day of vengeance I proclaim,
But not on man the storm shall fall ;
On me its thunders shall descend,
My strength, my love, sustains them all."
- 3 Stupendous favor ! matchless grace !
Jesus hath died that we might live ;
Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 To Him who loved our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise,
Sublime, eternal as his throne !

92. H. M.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose ;
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High rais'd his conquering head :
 In wild dismay | Fall to the ground,
 The guards around | And sink away.
- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet :
 Joyful they come, | From realms of day
 And wing their way | To JESUS' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven to fly,
 The joyful news to bear ;
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead ;
 " JESUS who bled | He rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeem'd by him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell ;
 Transported cry, | Hath left the dead,
 " JESUS who bled | No more to die."
- 5 All hail, triumphant LORD,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood !
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning GOD !

With thee we rise,		And empires gain
With thee we reign,		Beyond the skies.

93. L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our JESUS is gone up on high :
The powers of hell are captive led,
Drag'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 " Who is the King of glory, who ?"
The Lord who all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 6 " Who is the King of glory, who ?"
The Lord, of boundless power possesst ;
The King of saints and angels too ;
God over all, forever blest.

94. 8s.

- 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My JESUS, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
Perfection of glory reigns there.
'This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full bounty displays.
- 4 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey ;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away ;

The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

95. C. M.

- 1 HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return :"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
To speak thy wond'rous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine !
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so sweet, so free,
Dear Saviour, I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

96. L. M.

- 1 STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies,
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace !
Yet pass rebellious angels by !
O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?
- 4 And didst thou, LORD, for sinners bleed !
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day !
- 5 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 6 Come, dearest LORD, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
'Till all its power and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

97. P. M.

- 1 COME, see my Saviour! Come, see my Saviour!
Come, see my Saviour and God!
Behold! on Calvary,
He died for you and me;
And did purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended! He was extended!
Shamefully nail'd to the cross!
He bow'd his head and died!
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost!
- 3 JESUS hung bleeding! JESUS hung bleeding!
Three dreadful hours in pain!
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucifi'd the God-man!
- 4 Darkness prevailed! Darkness prevailed!
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land!
And the sun refus'd to shine
When his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain!
- 5 When it was finish'd: When it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And enbalin'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince and the author of peace:
He did burst the bars of death,
And triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

- 7 There interceding : There interceding ;
 Pleading that sinners may live ;
 Saying, "Father, I have died !
 Pray behold my hands and side !
 O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."
 8 "I will forgive them ; I will forgive them,
 When they repent and believe ;
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconcil'd to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive."

98. 11s.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
 Temptation without, and corruption within :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
 3 I would not live alway : no—welcome the tomb :
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
 'There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?

99. 11 & 8.

- 1 O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love ?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee ?
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone ;
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone ?
- 5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around ;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams ;
On his cheek does the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer, sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath,

- 8 His lips, as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
And bask in the smiles of his face. [know,
- 9 Love sits on his eye-lids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high ;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.
- 10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

100. C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here, pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.
- 3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 4 O the rich depths of love divine ;
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.

- 5 On thee alone my hope relies ;
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my All.

101. L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
 Amidst this little company ;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

102. 10 & 11.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear :
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,
 With CHRIST in the vessel I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail
 The word he has spoken will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past, forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;

- Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain? he told me no less:
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

103. L. M.

- 1 KINDRED in CHRIST, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and me by grace 'tis giv'n
 To know the Saviour's precious name;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above;

- Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him,
Who liv'd and di'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

104. C. P. M.

- 1 WHAT favor, Lord, that I should meet
With saints, around thy mercy-seat,
And love the house of prayer !
What once was weariness and pain,
Is now my choice, delight and gain,
The solace of my care !
- 2 O ! let returning Sabbaths be
A sign between my soul and thee,
Of mercy, love and peace !
This one desire I'd seek with zeal,
Within thine earthly courts to dwell,
Until I see thy face.

105. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come thou, and fill this humble place,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

106. L. M.

- 1 WITH conscious guilt and bleeding heart,
Near to thy throne of grace I fly ;

- O ! Friend of friendless sinners, deign
To hear my penitential cry.
- 2 Borne down with sin's tremendous load,
I cannot raise my soul to thee ;
E'en when I would approach thy throne,
Through unbelief I'm kept away.
- 3 O sov'reign, gracious, pow'rful God,
Compel my sins to quit their seat ;
And cloth'd with Jesus' finish'd robe,
I'll dare approach my Saviour's feet.
- 4 My first, my only cry shall be,
" Thy sanctifying grace impart,
And form my soul alike to thee,
And dwell forever in my heart."
- 5 Then, when I quit this vale of tears,
Uncloth'd with flesh my soul shall rise,
Adorn'd with ev'ry shining grace,
Shall reign with God above the skies.

107. L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat,
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright :
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
" Hear what the LORD has done for me."

108. L. M.

- 1 THIS wretched heart will still backslide,
O what deceit is treasur'd here !
'Tis made of vanity and pride ;
What fruits of unbelief appear !
- 2 My base ingratitude I mourn,
My stubborn will, my earthly mind,
My thoughts how vain, to rove how prone,
To ev'ry evil how inclined !
- 3 Who can, among the sons of men,
Find out the vileness of my heart ?

None can the depth of guilt explain,
'Tis all corrupt through ev'ry part.

4 Could creatures look into my breast,
How would they gaze with strange surprise !
They'd hate me with a sore detest,
And turn away their frightened eyes.

5 But what are creatures, Lord, to thee !
They can't forgive one single sin ;
Were they dispos'd to pity me,
They could not work one grace within.

6 To JESUS, then, I'll make my moan ;
O cleanse this filthy sink of sin !
JESUS, thou canst, and thou alone,
O condescend to make me clean.

7 I plead for mercy at thy feet,
Make me inflexibly sincere ;
Purge me from guile, from all deceit,
And fill my soul with holy fear.

109. L. M.

1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God, to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my JESUS, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and cheerful die :
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

110. 6 & 8.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and wo,
 'The gospel's voice attend,
 Which JESUS sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty, come :
 In JESUS' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame ;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame :
 All things are ready, sinner, come :
 For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heav'nly word
 His messengers proclaim ;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name :
 Backsliding souls, return and come :
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.

- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wandering sheep draw near,
 CHRIST calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear !
 Let whosoever will, now come :
 In mercy's breast there yet is room.

111. C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour calls ! Let ev'ry ear
 Attend the heav'nly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow,
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;
 The gracious call obey ;
 Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
 And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
 To thee let sinners fly ;
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

112. C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
 And make this last resolve ;

- 2 " I'll go to JESUS, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 " I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 " I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

113. 12s.

- 1 THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race, CHRIST has open'd a fountain,
For sin, and transgression, and ev'ry pollution;
The blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bless'd us with pardon,
And we'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 This fountain so clear, in which all may find pardon,
From JESUS' side flows, a plenteous redemption;
'Though your sins were as great and as high as a mountain
The blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 O **JESUS** ride on ! thy kingdom is glorious :
 Over sin, death and hell thou wilt make us victorious ;
 Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore ;
 We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujah forever and ever,
 Hallelujah, &c.

114. 7s.

- 1 **SOVEREIGN** grace hath power alone
 To subdue a heart of stone ;
 And the moment grace is felt,
 Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the **LORD** was crucifi'd,
 Two transgressors with him died ;
 One, with vile blasphemous tongue,
 Scoff'd at **JESUS** as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
 In the very jaws of death ;
 Perish'd, as too many do,
 With a Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
 Saw the danger of his case ;
 Faith receiv'd to own his **LORD**,
 Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.
- 5 **LORD**, he pray'd, remember me,
 When in glory thou shalt be :
 Soon with me, the **LORD** replies,
 'Thou shalt be in paradise.

- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
 Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need;
 Sinners, trust in JESUS' name,
 You will find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,
 Think upon the harden'd thief!
 If the gospel you disdain,
 CHRIST to you has died in vain.

115. 8 & 6.

- 1 OUR souls in love together knit,
 Cemented into one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
 Our hearts have burn'd while JESUS spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire;
 He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
 And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS, L. M.

- "A Saviour!" let creation sing!
 "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring!
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours:
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining those who've gone before,
 And soon shall land on that blest shore,
 Where we shall meet to part no more.
- 2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly;

We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With CHRIST to live or die.

Let devils rage and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through,
Though foes unite and friends desert,
We'll seize the prize in view.

“A Saviour, &c.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain,
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
But pour a mighty flood ;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee, God.
“A Saviour,” &c.

4 When thou dost make thy jewels up,
And set thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners sav'd by grace ;
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face !
“A Saviour,” &c.

116. 8s.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;

Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring ;
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete ;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet :
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase ;
Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
Yes ! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given :
More happy, but not more secure,
Than glorified spirits in heaven.

117. C. M.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past ;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.
- 4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

118. L. M.

- 1 AND am I blest with JESUS' love ?
And shall I dwell with him above ?
And will the joyful season come
When I shall call the heavens my home ?
- 2 Think, O my soul, what must it be
A world of glorious minds to see ;
Drink at the fountain head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss.
- 3 To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb ;
And join with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never-ending song.
- 4 And does the happy hour draw near,
When CHRIST will in the clouds appear,
And I without a veil shall see
The Man, the God who bled for me ?

- 5 If in my soul such joy abounds,
While weeping faith explores his wounds
How glorious will those scars appear
When perfect bliss forbids a tear !
- 6 Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at JESUS' feet,
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with JESUS on the throne !

119. C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where JESUS pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine,
My sins on JESUS laid ;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 4 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet, on his covenant of grace,
For all things do depend.
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet, to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

- 6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee.

120. L. M.

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown ;
Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly !
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams ?
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold, the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

121. C. M.

- 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been ;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to ev'ry sin !

- 3 My reason tells me, thy commands
Are holy, just, and true ;
Tells me, whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve ;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast ?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest ?
- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free ;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

122. L. M.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
Who seeks relief for all his wo ?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind ?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven ?
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean ?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell
That save rebellious souls from hell.

- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up ;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the LORD.

123. C. P. M.

- 1 WHEN, with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace ;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleased, behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace !
- 2 This *tongue*, with blasphemies defil'd,
These *feet*, to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree ;
Who could believe such *lips* could praise,
Or think from dark and winding *ways*
I e'er should turn to thee ?
- 3 These *eyes*, that once abus'd their sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
And weep a silent flood ;
These *hands* ascend in ceaseless prayer ;
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood ?
- 4 These *ears*, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
When round the festive board ;
Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.

- 5 Now I in love would act my part ;
O do thou more transform my *heart*,
This drossy thing refine :
May grace vile nature's strength control,
And a new creature, body, soul,
Be, Lord, forever thine !

124. 11 & 8.

- 1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days,
For rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love, in eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt ;
You all would have liv'd, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?
'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of his grace you were brought to obey,
While others were suffer'd to go
The road which by nature you chose as your way,
Which leads to the regions of wo.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name ;
To him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

125. S. M.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all redemption's works display
That grace which drew the plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
In everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

126. 7s.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss ;
Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil :
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way ;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway ?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
But the true born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

127. L. M.

- 1 AFFLICTED Saint, to CHRIST draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
" How shall I stand the trying day ?"
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
But, if the conflict should be long,
The LORD will make the tempter flee ;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
CHRIST's presence shall thy fears subdue :
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

128. 11s.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the LORD,
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto JESUS for refuge have fled ?
- 2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding with wealth ;
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,
" As days may demand, so thy succour shall be."
- 3 " Fear nor, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy GOD, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 " When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,
The rivers of trouble shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy sorrows to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 "The soul that on JESUS hath lean'd for repose,
I will not desert, or give up to his foes ;
That soul, tho' arch fiends should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

129. L. M.

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus brakes,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem :
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
'The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

130. L. M.

- 1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time ;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth !
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys !
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large ;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And brings us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

131. C. M.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd ;
'To thee my thoughts would soar :
'Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
'That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
'Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
'The gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
'That heart will rest on thee.

132. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

133. C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 'The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watch-word at the gate of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, " Behold he prays."

134. L. M.

- 1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
 The blessings God design'd to give,
 Long as they live should Christians pray,
 For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The Christian's prayer 'tis God indites,
 He speaks as prompted from within,
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And CHRIST receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou, then, in silence lie,
 When CHRIST stands waiting for thy prayer ?
 My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,
 Arise and try thy int'rest there.

- 4 If pains afflict, if wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, if fears dismay,
If guilt dejects, if sins distress,
Thy remedy 's before thee—pray.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou can'st or can'st not speak,
But pray with faith in JESUS' name.
- 6 Depend on him, thou can'st not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

135. S. M.

- 1 WITH heart and lips unfeign'd
We praise thee for thy word ;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming LORD.
- 2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n ;
- 3 So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design ;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.
- 4 Water thy sacred seed,
And give it great increase ;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

- 5 Then, though we weeping say,
And tears our hours employ ;
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

136. L. M.

- 1 NE'ER was a sinner cast away,
Whom the Redeemer taught to pray ;
He loves such souls by far too well,
Than e'er to cast them down to hell.
- 2 Come, praying soul, thy God draws near,
And listens to each broken prayer ;
Pleas'd he attends thy ev'ry groan,
And soon in mercy will come down.
- 3 He ne'er was known to disappoint
A praying, waiting, humble saint ;
But such a soul he'll ever bless
With all the glories of his grace.

137 6 & 8.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise, to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy-door ;
No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 'The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain ;

But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

- 3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more ;
Thou know'st, that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few :
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more ;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch, as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy.
O do not frown and bid me go ;
I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal

From others, who, like me,
 Their wants and danger feel ;
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.

- 8 Thy ways, thou only Wise,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above this earth extend.
 Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
 But God accepts a beggar's prayer.

138. 8, 7 & 4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 LORD, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high :
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant shall droop and die :
 LORD, revive us, &c.
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
 Every part look'd gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
 Happy seasons we have seen !
 LORD, revive us, &c.

- 4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make us bloom again ;
O permit us not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

LORD, revive us, &c.

- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

LORD, revive us, &c.

- 6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh :

LORD, revive us, &c.

139. L. M.

- 1 REJOICE, for CHRIST, the Saviour reigns,
He spreads his triumphs all abroad ;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour, and their God.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,
And ev'ry foe his pow'r subdue ;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below, from all above ;
 In lofty songs exalt his name ;
 In songs as lofty as his love.

140. C. M.

- 1 O HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
 When but one sinner turns,
 And with an humble, broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns !
- 2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
 In songs their tongues employ ;
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,
 And heav'n is fill'd with joy.
- 3 Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
 The conscious sinner's moan ;
 JESUS receives him in his arms,
 And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
 But kindle with new fire :
 " The sinner lost is found," they sing,
 And strike the sounding lyre.

141. S & 7.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
JESUS sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrain'd to be ;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love.
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

142. L. M.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine :
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

- 3 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all ;
Lord, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine in vast eternity.

143. L. M.

- 1 MAY I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Now, be his service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
'Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 O may I never faint, nor tire,
Nor, wand'ring, leave his sacred ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

144. L. M.

- 1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far ;
From Calvary it sounds abroad ;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear ;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

- 2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice ;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice !
- 3 Alas, for those ! the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more ;
Then will they ask, in vain, to hear
The voice they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appear'd ;
But now I know how great their loss ;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.
- 5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

145. C. M.

- 1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care ;
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

146. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious LORD,
Be thou forever near,
'Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

147. C. M.

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

148. 12 & 11.

- 1 HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high.
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring, as rang'd on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excels ev'ry other,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.
The old fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.
- 2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration.
At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.

Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
 All warm from the heart of a family band,
 Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
 Describ'd in the Bible, that lay on the stand.
 'The old fashion'd Bible, &c.

- 3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
 And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
 O let me with patience receive his correction,
 And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand.
 'The old fashion'd Bible, &c.

149. 10, 6 & 8.

- 1 WHAT's this that steals, that steals upon my
 Is it death? Is it death? [frame?
 That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame,
 Is it death? Is it death?
 If this be death, I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free;
 I shall the King of glory see.
 All is well. All is well.
- 2 Weep not my friends, my friends, weep not for me.
 All is well. All is well.
 My sins are pardoned, pardoned. I am free.
 All is well. All is well.
 There's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes.
 I soon shall mount the upper skies.
 All is well. All is well.
- 3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory.
 All is well. All is well.
 I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
 All is well. All is well.

Bright angels are from glory come,
 They're round my bed, they're in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home.

All is well. All is well.

4 Hark, hark ! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me.

All is well. All is well.

I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory.

All is well. All is well.

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu !

I can no longer stay with you,

My glittering crown appears in view.

All is well. All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail ! all hail, ye blood-washed throng.

Saved by grace, saved by grace.

I've come to join, to join your rapturous song.

Saved by grace, saved by grace.

All, all is peace and joy divine,

All heaven and glory now are mine,

O, hallelujah to the Lamb.

All is well. All is well.

150. 8s.

1 TO JESUS, the crown of my hope,

My soul is in haste to be gone ;

O bear me, ye cherubim, up,

And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent, I love ;

Whom, not having seen, I adore ;

Whose name is exalted above

All glory, dominion and pow'r ;

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain

My soul from her portion in thee ;

Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline ;

5 O then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd :
I shall meet Him whom absent I lov'd,
I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.

6 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

151. L. M.

1 HOW precious is thy word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

2 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
It quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wandering footsteps right ;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

3 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
It comforts and instructs us too.

- 4 Ye favor'd souls, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the LORD,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

152. C. M.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear LORD, remember me.
- 2 When groaning, on my burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily ;
My pardon speak, new grace impart ;
In love, remember me.
- 3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be ;
I 'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 4 The hour is near! consign'd to death,
I own the just decree ;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I 'll cry, remember me.

153. L. M.

- 1 " WE 've no abiding city here !"
This may distress the worldly mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 "We 've no abiding city here !"
Sad truth, were this to be our home :
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We 've no abiding city here !"
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear ;
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We 've no abiding city here !"
We seek a city out of sight :
Zion its name : the LORD is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

154. C. M.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace !
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
With never fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet :
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy,
 They find their all in thee ;
 Thy glories will their tongues employ,
 In vast eternity.

155. S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take ;
 Loud to the praise of CHRIST our Lord,
 Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home ;
 And nearer to our house above,
 We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine ;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
 When we shall clearly see,
 Not only that he shed his blood,
 But each shall say, FOR ME.
- 5 Tarry his leisure then,
 Wait the appointed hour ;
 Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
 Reveals his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
 Who stays himself on thee ;
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

156. 7 & 5.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place ;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source ;
So a soul, that 's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize :
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies ;
Yet a season, and ye know,
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

157. C. M.

- 4 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near ;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue,
- 3 " The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in CHRIST I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

158. L. M.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be :
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

159. L. M.

- 1 THE rain descends, the tempests rise,
My soul, his majesty adore !
JEHOVAH's voice sounds through the skies,
While lightnings flash and thunders roar.
- 2 I sit quite calm while others fear ;
The God of thunder is my all ;
It is my Father's voice I hear,
Nor shall I by his thunder fall.
- 3 No : while his lightnings flash around,
Although the earth's foundations move,

I stand secure on faith's firm ground,
I rest in his unchanging love.

- 4 Nothing shall fright my soul from God,
Should he the skies this moment rend ;
He is my only safe abode :
My Rock, my Refuge, and my Friend.

160. L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand !
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 Eternity ! tremendous sound !
To guilty souls a dreadful wound ;
But O, if CHRIST and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents, how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain !
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain !
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 5 Search, LORD, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

161. C. M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn to realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne, how dazzling bright,
Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
'Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

162. L. M.

- 1 **DEEP** are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads the poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 4 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give !
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

163. C. M.

- 1 **THERE** is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

164. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace ;
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah vile, ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,
From JESUS to depart.
- 3 From JESUS, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest :
When absent from my LORD, I live
Unsatisfy'd, unblest.

- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wand'ring soul restores :
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye !
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face ;
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

165. C. M.

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, " My Father, God !"
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene ;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 " My Father," O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

166. C. M.

- 1 **AWAKE**, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

167. C. M.

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high :
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;

Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

168. C. M.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee ?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go ; one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair !
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

169. C. M.

- 1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise ?

- 2 Yes, the Dedeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, O miracle of grace !
For man the Saviour bled !
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 JESUS, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine !
O take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

170. L. M.

- 1 AS when the weary trav'ler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past ;
Nor any future trial fears,
Assur'd he 'll safe arrive at last.
- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With JESUS, in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.
- 5 JESUS, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode :
Assur'd our hope will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

171. 8s.

- 1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucifi'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood ;
Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he, through CHRIST, can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name,
'The work of God's Spirit it is :
A principle active and young,
'That lives under pressure and load ;
'That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

- 3 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair ;
And O, let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes Heaven by prayer :
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend ;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

172. S. M.

- 1 BESIDE the Gospel Pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And many round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O would the Lord appear,
My maladies to heal !
He knows how long I 've waited here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer try ?
Surely the mercies I have sought,
Are not for such as I.

- 6 But whither shall I go ?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then, from day to day,
I 'll wait, and hope, and cry ;
Can JESUS hear a sinner pray,
And suffer him to die ?
- 8 No, he is full of grace ;
He never will permit
'The soul that fain would see his face
To perish at his feet.

173. 7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight me must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we 've a Friend,
One who loves us to the end ;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*
- 2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares ;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

- 4 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
CHRIST will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

174 C. M.

- 1 COME, ye redeem'd by JESUS' blood,
Your grateful songs employ;
He brought your wand'ring souls to God,
And turn'd your grief to joy.
- 2 Think, ransom'd sinner, what a price
Was paid to set you free!
Th' eternal Son was nail'd and died
Upon the bloody tree.
- 3 Our yielding hearts cannot be cold,
While viewing such a scene!
E'en nature trembled to behold
The suff'rings of her King.
- 4 The massy rocks in sunder clave,
When JESUS clos'd his eyes;
The sleeping saints leap'd from their graves,
And darkness spread the skies.
- 5 Mysterious grace! all-conquering love!
Too deep for angel's ken:

That he, whom seraphs praise above,
Should die for guilty men.

- 6 Then join, ye ransom'd, in the song,
And, while ye taste his love,
Let every saint the theme prolong,
Till call'd to praise above.

175. C. M.

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

FOURTH OF JULY....Original.

176. C. M.

- 1 NOW joyous hail the genial light,
The day once more we see,
Which speaks of glorious deeds, and bright,
And tells us, WE ARE FREE.
- 2 But while our fathers' God we praise,
For freedom, choicest boon,
Our humble voices let us raise
For Libya's injur'd son.
- 3 While warm, from Southern plains, the gale
Is wafted to our ears,
'Tis mingled with the negro's wail,
And moistened with his tears.
- 4 The cutting lash and clanking chain,
In dread array arise ;
The galling yoke, and wasting pain,
With tender children's cries.
- 5 We to their wails will ope our ear,
Attentive hear their cries,
For them will shed the pitying tear,
With them will sympathise.
- 6 We 'll firm remain an active band,
Those injured ones to save,
'Till in Columbia's happy land
There breathes no fettered slave. S. H.

177. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD from heav'n, O God of grace!
And pity us—an injur'd race;
'Thou know'st the wrongs we're doom'd to bear,
'Thou see'st the heavy chains we wear.
- 2 Shut out from human sympathy,
We look alone, O Lord! to thee;
When wilt thou come and give us peace?
When wilt thou bid our bondage cease?
- 3 How long must we still bear the yoke,
'The shame, the toil, the smarting stroke?
How long, from all our kindred torn,
Our helpless, hopeless mis'ries mourn?
- 4 Rise, Lord! and make thy justice known;
'Thou art our Master—thou alone;
Made in thine image, own us thine,
And we will own thy hand divine.

178. 7s.

- 1 HEAR us, Father! while we cry,
Pleading for an injur'd race;
Make the bolts asunder fly,
By thine own resistless grace.
- 2 Let the captives all go free,
Let th' oppressor cease to reign,
And the arm of tyranny,
Never more be rais'd again.

- 3 Crush the system in the dust,
Ere another year be past ;
Ev'ry chain and fetter burst,
Which have been around them cast.
- 4 Then will shrieks be turn'd to praise,
As the gory whip departs,
And the rasom'd daily raise
Songs of joy from grateful hearts.

179. L. M.

- 1 O GOD of freedom ! hear us pray
For steadfast hearts, to toil as one ;
Till thy pure law hath boundless sway—
Thy will, in heav'n and earth be done.
- 2 A piercing voice of grief and wrong
Goes upward from the groaning earth ;
Most true and holy Lord ! how long ?
In majesty and might come forth.
- 3 Yet, Lord ! remembering mercy too,
Behold th' oppressor in his sin ;
Make all his actions just and true,
Renew his wayward heart within.

180. L. M.

- 1 WE long to see that happy time,
That long—expected blissful day,
When men of ev'ry name and clime
The glorious gospel shall obey.
- 2 The word of God shall firm abide,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose ;

The stone cut from the mountain's side,
To universal empire grows.

- 3 Afric's emancipated sons
Shall shout to Asia's rapt'rous song,
Europe, with her unnumber'd tongues,
And western climes the strain prolong.
- 4 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend,
And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,
Shall meet a Brother and a Friend.

181. C. M.

- 1 "BREAK ev'ry yoke," the gospel cries,
"And let th' oppress'd go free ;"
Let ev'ry burden'd captive rise,
And taste sweet liberty.
- 2 Lord ! when shall man thy voice obey,
And rend each iron chain ?
Oh ! when shall love its golden sway
O'er all the earth maintain ?
- 3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
And melt th' oppressor's heart ;
Send swift deliv'rance to the slave,
And bid his woes depart.
- 4 With joy and gladness crown his day,
And fill his heart with love ;
Teach him the strait and only way,
That leads to rest above.

182. L. M.

- 1 LORD ! when thine ancient people cried,
Oppress'd with chains by Egypt's king,
Thou didst th' Arabian sea divide,
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.
- 2 In this our day, this Christian land
Groans with the anguish of the slave ;
LORD GOD of hosts ! stretch forth thy hand,
Not shorten'd that it cannot save.
- 3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain, the lust of pow'r ;
The day of freedom usher in ;
Oh ! hasten on th' appointed hour.
- 4 How long shall bondmen be forgot !
We watch, we weep, we cry to thee ;
Th' oppressor hears, yet heedeth not ;
Come ! captive lead captivity.

183. C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
JESUS, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show, that God is love.

- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
 'Thunders his dreadful name ;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
 'The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 In all his doctrines and commands,
 His counsels and designs ;
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
 His love supremely shines.
- 5 Angels and men the news proclaim
 Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
 That God the Lord is love.

184. L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
 And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

185. 8 & 4.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let ev'ry soul be JESUS' guest ;
 There need not one be left behind,
 For GOD hath bidden all mankind :
 Through grace, free grace,
 To all the Jew and Gentile race !
- 2 Sent by the Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all ;
 Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou ;
 All things in CHRIST are ready now.
 Through grace, &c.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
 Ye restless wand'ers after rest :
 Ye poor and maim'd, ye halt and blind,
 In CHRIST a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from GOD receive ;
 Ye all may come to CHRIST and live !
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 His love is mighty to compel,
 His conqu'ring love consent to feel,
 Yield to his love's resistless power,
 And fight against your GOD no more.

- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

186. 7 & 5.

- 1 ROUSE ye, at the Saviour's call !
Sinners, rouse ye, one and all ;
Wake ! or soon your souls will fall,
Fall in deep despair.
Wo to him who turns away,
JESUS kindly calls to-day ;
Come, O sinner, while you may,
Raise your soul in prayer.
- 2 Heard ye not the Saviour cry ?
" Turn, O turn, why will you die !
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom !
Haste, for time is rushing on !
Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb !
- 3 By the bleeding Saviour's love,
By the joys of heaven above,
Let these words your spirits move ;
Quick to JESUS fly !
Come and save your souls from death,
Haste ! escape Jehovah's wrath !
Fly ! for life's a fleeting breath !
Soon, O soon you'll die.

187. 6 & 5.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again ?
Meet ne'er to sever ?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever ?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows.
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never.
- 2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever ?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never.
- 3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour ;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever ;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never.
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet, ne'er to sever ;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever ;

Our hearts will then repose,
Safe from all worldly woes ;
Our days of praise shall close,
Never, no, never.

188. C. M.

- 1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stop'd the prodigal's career
And caused him to repent.
I 'll not die here for bread, he cried,
Nor starve in foreign lands ;
My father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 2 What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame and fear,
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
I 'll not die here, &c.
- 3 I'll go and tell him all I've done
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.
- 4 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 5 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive !
Enough ! the father said ;
Rejoice, my house, my son 's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

6 Now let the fatted calf be slain
And spread the news around ;
My son was dead, and lives again :
Was lost, but now is found.

7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home,
More than a father's love he feels
And welcome's all that come.

189. 11, 6 & 8.

1 WHAT sound is this ? a song through heav'n re-
God is Love ! God is Love ! [sounding ,
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding ,
God is Love ! God is Love !
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same ;
God is Love ! God is Love !

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is Love ! God is Love !
And saints on earth, shout back the pleasing stc
God is Love ! God is Love !
In this let earth and heaven agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is Love ! God is Love !

3 Creation speaks with thousand tongues proclaiming,
God is Love ! God is Love !
And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is Love ! God is Love !
But let the burdened sinner hear
The gospel, sounding loud and clear,

To every soul both far and near,
 God is Love! God is Love!

4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
 God is Love! God is Love!
 And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
 God is Love! God is Love!
 That God is Love I know full well;
 And had I power his love to tell,
 With loudest notes my song should swell;
 God is Love! God is Love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
 God is Love! God is Love!
 And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure;
 God is Love! God is Love!
 This theme shall be my song below,
 And when to glory I shall go,
 This strain eternally shall flow,—
 God is Love! God is Love!

190. 11s.

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
 The Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
 Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
 And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head;
 How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
 The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
 And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3 Oh garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot,
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot:
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
 The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

- 4 Come saints and adore him ; come bow at his feet !
 O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

191. 11s.

- 1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die ?
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ;
 Now JESUS invites you, the Spirit says come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 Come now to the banquet and make no delay,
 For CHRIST bids you welcome, he bids you to-day :
 Come, wretched, come, starving, come just as you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 Why will you be starving and feeding on air ?
 There's mercy in JESUS, enough and to spare ;
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
 And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part ;
 O how can we leave you ? why will you not come ?
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

192. 10s.

- 1 CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat,
 Sprinkled with blood, where JESUS answers prayer ;
 Go, humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
 For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come, thy promise is my plea ;
 Without thy word I dare not venture nigh ;
 But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
 A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I !

- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest;
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my refuge, LORD, my hiding place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmov'd I there may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge with, "JESUS died."
- 5 Yes! thou did'st weep, and bleed, and groan, and die!
Well hast thou known what fierce temptation means,
Such *was* thy love! and *now* enthron'd on high,
The same compassion in thy bosom reigns.
- 6 Lord, give me faith. He hears! what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve;
He shows me who he is, and what he did;
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

193. H. M.

- 1 HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heav'nly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heav'n is known;
Loud sing the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round ;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show ;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name ;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim ;
Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
'Tis God, the Saviour's praise we sing.

194. 8, 7 & 4.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
" It is finish'd !"
Hear the dying Saviour cry !
- 2 " It is finish'd !" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from CHRIST the Lord.
" It is finish'd !"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth and all in heaven

Join to praise Immanuel's name !

Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

195. 7 & 6.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till JESUS made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul !
At death's dark door he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wond'rous pow'r to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd to sin ;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness, all combin'd ;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave up all for lost ;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace !
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case ;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
Then bade me look unto him ;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

196. C. M.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

- 4 What is the world with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall ;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

197. 8 & 7.

- 1 "MERCY, O thou son of David !"
Thus the blind Bartim'us pray'd ;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live ;
But he ask'd, and JESUS granted
Alms which none but CHRIST could give.
- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day !"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd JESUS in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
"Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found.

- 6 "O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me !
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

198. L. M.

- 1 LIFT up your heads Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures JESUS sends ;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the Good Old Way.
O blessed way ! how good it is
To dwell where loving JESUS lives ;
A life of love, a heaven below ;
Come, try, you sure will find it so.
- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive and pray,
Like soldiers in the Good Old Way.
O blessed way, &c.
- 3 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy ;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the Good Old Way.
- 4 O Good Old Way, how good thou art !
May none of us from thee depart ;
But may our actions always say,
We 're walking in the Good Old Way.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,

Then we will shout, and sing, and pray,
And march along the Good Old Way.

- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember life is near the end ;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the Good Old Way.
- 7 When far beyond this mortal shore
We'll join with those who 've gone before ;
And shout to think we 've gain'd the day,
By walking in the Good Old Way.
O blessed way, &c.

199. 9, 8 & 6.

- 1 LET us rise and go to Zion's hill,
Where all the peace and glory dwell,
And sit and sing to God our King,
And praise his name for evermore.
I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
And troubles come no more ;
I'll go and see what joys are there.
- 2 Fare you well, my friends, I must be gone ;
I have no home nor stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

- 3 Happy soul, just gone from earth to heaven,
He flies to distant worlds above,
No more in this poor house of clay,
He dwells with God around the throne.

I'll march, &c.

Where pain and death can never come.

- 4 We will go, like him, to see our God,
And change this earth for heaven above ;
Come, dry your tears, CHRIST is your friend,
He came to save poor sinful men.

I'll march, &c.

In him our sorrows soon will end.

- 5 Travel on to blest eternity,
Where JESUS waits for us to come,
In death's dark gloom shout victory,
And rise to your eternal home.

I'll march, &c.

Where fear and change shall be no more.

- 6 Golden joys above, where JESUS dwells,
His love is full for every saint,
Fountain of life immortal flows,
In heavenly worlds without restraint.

I'll march, &c.

All 's mine, if faithful here below.

200. C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day :
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore :
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

201. 8 & 6.

- 1 WAK'D by the Gospel's powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Expos'd to endless wo ;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.
- 2 Surpris'd indeed, I could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
To which I then drew near !
I strove, alas ! but all in vain ;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

- 3 I to the law then ran for help ;
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found.
While sin my burden'd soul did pain,
The sinner must be born again,
Did loud as thunder sound.
- 4 God's justice then I did behold,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
It was a dreadful load ;
This solemn truth did still remain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.
- 5 I heard some tell how CHRIST did give
His life, to let the sinner live ;
But him I could not see ;
I read my Bible ; it was plain
The sinner must be born again,
Or dwell in misery.
- 6 But as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near eternal death,
CHRIST JESUS I did see ;
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd ;
I trust I then was born again,
In gospel liberty.
- 7 Not angels in the world above,
Nor saints could glow with greater love,
Than what my soul enjoy'd ;
My soul did mount on eagles' wings,
And praise and glory I did sing
To JESUS, my dear Lord.

- 8 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
How JESUS sav'd my soul from hell,
To sing redeeming love ;
Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
The sinner now is born again,
To dwell with CHRIST above.

202. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
- 2 JESUS, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n :
Anticipate our heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

203. L. M.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That conquers our hatred by love !
That fastens our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove !
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground ;
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.
- 4 Then why so unwilling to part ?
Since there we shall all meet again :
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see ;
And sing hallelujah, Amen !
Amen, even so let it be.

204. L. M.

- 1 GREAT Author of th' immortal mind !
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.
- 2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire ;

Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

- 3 Enlarge my soul with love like thine ;
My moral powers by grace refine ;
So shall I feel another's wo,
And cheerful feed an hungry foe.
- 4 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done ;
O may the grace that pardons me,
Constrain me to forgive like thee.

205. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere,
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.
- 2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precept's holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Not words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own ;
Nor will a soul by grace restor'd,
Return the Saviour words alone.
- 4 With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
'The need of holiness express'd,
And called for fruit as well as sound.

- 5 Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve, instead of faith and love.
- 6 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.

206. L. M.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and CHRIST my God, I find.

207. 8 & 7.

- 1 O, WHAT a thought, that I shall know
The Man who suffer'd here below,
To manifest his favor,
For me, and those whom most I love ;
Or here, or with himself above,
Does my delighted passions move
At that sweet word, FOREVER.
- 2 Forever to behold him shine,
Forevermore to call him mine,
And see him still before me !
Forever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father he displays,
To all the saints in glory !
- 3 Not all things else are half so dear,
As his delightful presence here ;
What must it be in heaven ?
'Tis heaven on earth to hear him say,
As now I journey, day by day,
" Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."
- 4 But how must his celestial voice
Make my enraptur'd heart rejoice,
When I, in glory, hear him ;
While I before the heavenly gate,
For everlasting entrance wait,
And Jesus, on his throne of state,
Invites me to come near him !

- 5 "Come in, thou, blessed, sit by me,
With my own life, I ransom'd thee ;
Come, taste my perfect favor :
Come in, thou happy spirit, come,
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home ;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay forever."
- 6 When JESUS thus invites me in,
How will the heavenly hosts begin
To own their new relation !
"Come in, come in !" the blissful sound
From ev'ry tongue will echo round,
Till all the crystal walls resound
With joy for my salvation.

208. L. M.

- 1 WHAT strange perplexities arise !
What anxious fears and jealousies !
What crowds in doubtful light appear !
How few, alas, approv'd and clear !
- 2 And what am I ? My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take ;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear ?
- 3 What Image does my spirit bear ?
Is JESUS form'd and living there ?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine ?

- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal ;
My fears remove ; let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.
- 5 Scatter the clouds that o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread ;
Lead me into celestial day,
And, to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where CHRIST through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

209. C. M.

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my God ?
Behold my heart and see !
And turn each daring idol out
That strives to rival thee.
- 2 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 3 Is any lust conceal'd within ?
Bring it to open view !
Search, search, dear LORD, my inmost soul,
And all its powers renew.

210. C. M.

- 1 **HOW** can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

211. H. M.

- 1 **JOIN** all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He, like an angel, stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.
- 3 **JESUS**, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;

My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.

His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

- 4 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfills
His Father's broken laws.

Behold my soul at freedom set !
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

- 5 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe ; for CHRIST displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

212. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone !
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,

And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

213. L. M.

- 1 **STAND** up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 What though thine inward lusts rebel !
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leaders praise.

214. C. M.

- 1 **FOREVER** blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

215. C. M.

- 1 **LET** ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 " Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind ;
- 3 " Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

- 4 "Ho ! all that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 " Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine."
- 6 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins !
- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

216. 8 & 7.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend :
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood !
But our JESUS died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God :
This is boundless love indeed ;
JESUS is a Friend in need.

- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same ;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften ;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas, forget too often,
What a Friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

217. 8, 7 & 4.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jub'lee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,

And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

1 By the beams of gospel mercy,
 Let the path of life be shown ;
 To the idol-serving nations
 Let thy holy name be known :
 For possession
 Give the heathen to thy Son.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

218. [By request.]

- THERE will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
- there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of CHRIST.
 Parents and children there will part,
 Parents and children there will part,
 Parents and children there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.
- there will be mourning, &c.
 Wives and husbands there will part, &c.
- there will be mourning, &c.
 Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.
- there will be mourning, &c.
 Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.
- there will be mourning, &c.
 Pastors and people there will part, &c.
- there will be mourning, &c.
 Devils and sinners there will meet, &c.
- there will be shouting, &c.
 Saints and angels there will meet, &c.

219. H. M.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood aton'd for our lost race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary,
Pour most effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die !
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son.
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.
- 5 To God I 'm reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear ;

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

220. 7 & 6.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen in their blindness
Bow down to wood and stone
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

221. H. M.

- 1 ALL hail, incarnate God !
The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold ;
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honors pays ;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days ;
And ev'ry age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all conquering King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway :
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Eternal be thy reign ;
 Behold the nations sue
 To wear thy gentle chain :
 When earth and time are known no more
 Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

222. C. M. *Orig. by a Convert.*

- 1 LONG suffering kindness, O my God,
 Has borne with me for years,
 And strangely kept me through the road
 Of sin, and guilt and fears.
- 2 But now, I thank thee, mighty God,
 Who heard my ardent plea,
 And led me to thy holy word,
 Where all thy beauties be.
- 3 Thou gently forc'd me to the sight
 Of my expiring God,
 Who agonized on Calvary's height,
 And shed his precious blood.
- 4 O, who can trace his wond'rous love
 That saved me from my sin,
 That drew me by the heavenly Dove,
 And gave me peace within.
- 5 'Twas grace alone, amazing grace,
 That overcame my heart,
 And bid me seek thy smiling face,
 And said to sin, depart.

- 6 Thy pard'ning grace is offered still
To all who need its power ;
O, sinners, come ; come all who will,
In this, the accepted hour.

223. S. M.

- 1 O GOD of sov'reign grace,
We bow before thy throne ;
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways ;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

224. L. M.

- 1 ARM of the LORD, awake, awake !
Put on thy strength ; the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
" I am JEHOVAH—GOD alone !"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
But to each conscience be apply'd
The blood that flow'd from JESUS' side.

- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name ;
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

225. L. M.

- 1 ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;
Restore the long lost, scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love ?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn ?
And wilt thou ne'er, pleas'd, return ?
- 4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescu'd tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

226. L. M.

- 1 NOW we are met in holy fear
To hear the happy saints declare
The free compassions of a God,
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

- 2 JESUS, assist them now to tell
What they have felt, and how they feel;
O Saviour, help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.
- 3 While to the church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We join to praise eternal love,
And heighten all the joys above.

227. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear
Poor sinners sweetly tell
How thou art pleas'd to save from sin,
From sorrow, death, and hell.
- 2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name
For grace so freely giv'n;
Still may we keep in Zion's road,
And dwell at last in heav'n.

228. 8, 7 & 4.

- 1 DAY of judgement! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound.
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,

Then shall say, " This God is mine !"

Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken,
By his look, prepared to flee.
Saints, with shouting,
Their descending Lord shall see.

4 And to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below ;
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
Take the kingdom I bestow,
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
Let this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise.
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

229. C. P. M.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call !
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th'accepted day :
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear ;
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
When'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face ;
Then loudest of the crowd I 'll sing,
While heavens resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

230. C. M.

- 1 **THA'T** awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *depart !*

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love !

5 JESUS, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

6 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

231. L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;

- And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none, but he who feels it, knows.
- 4 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

232. C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

233. C. M.

- 1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays,
 Beheld our rising God ;
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his dark abode !
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
 The dead Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God in vain ;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty LORD,
 These sacred hours we pay ;
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King ;
 Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas
 With glad hosannas ring.

234. C. M.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quick'ning beams ;

And yet how slow devotion burns ;
How languid are its flames !

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end ;

5 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

235. L. M.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.

- 4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat ;
We 'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

236. L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done :
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
- 4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care ;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

237. S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest :

So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure us from all fears ;

May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view the unweary'd sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

238. C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And JESUS, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray ;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease ;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.

239. C. M.

- 1 BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight ;
Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my heart and tongue ;
Begin, my soul ; thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.
- 3 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame ;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of JESUS' name.
- 4 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend ;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

240. C. M.

- 1 SINCE JESUS freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast ;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love these souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light
By taking mutual share.
- 4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er,
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

241. C. M.

- 1 THE hour of prayer once more is come,
And once more here we meet :
Thanks to the Lord, there yet is room
To bow at Jesus' feet.
- 2 By faith in prayer before thee, Lord,
Help us to spread our case ;
And to our waiting souls afford
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 3 The helpless, poor, and needy soul,
The tempted and distress'd,
Dear Lord relieve, dear Lord make whole,
And calm each troubled breast.
- 4 The faith and hope, the joy and love
Of all thy saints increase ;

Hardness and blindness, Lord, remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.

- 5 And now assist their souls, who may
Upon thee, farther call ;
Hide not thy heav'nly face away,
But smile and bless us all.

242. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now, in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then, remember me.
- 3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free ;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppressed I be ;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
 And creature hopes all flee,
 Then, O my dear REDEEMER-GOD,
 I pray, remember me.

243. 8, 7 & 4.

- 1 WHY those fears? Behold 'tis JESUS
 Holds the helm and guides the ship :
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep,
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
 Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with JESUS
 Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by him, we brave the ocean ;
 Led by him, the storms defy ;
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
 Waves obey him,
 'Midst the tempest's loudest cry.

244. S. M.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name,
 Record his mercies, ev'ry heart ;
 Sing, ev'ry tongue, the same.

- 3 Still on his holy word
We 'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

245. L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in JESUS' blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

246. L. M.

- 1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant with the seals,
To bless the distant Gentile lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd" he saith,
"For the remission of your sins ;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;

And the good Spirit from our God,
Descends like purifying rain.

- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord ;
O may the great, eternal Three,
In heaven our solemn vows record !

247. L. M.

- 1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death :
So from the grave did CHRIST arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin nor Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

248. 8s.

- 1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews ;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse :
JESUS descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens, your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view ;

- Ye saints, behold him sink and rise ;
 A fit example this for you :
 The sacred record, while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo ! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread !
 Dove-like the eternal SPIRIT flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head ;
 Amaz'd they see the power divine
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore !
 What sounds are those that roll along ?
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !
 " This is my well beloved Son,
 I see, well pleas'd, what he hath done."

249. C. M.

- 1 WHILE Philip scann'd the sacred page
 The eunuch had just read,
 A certain water rose to view,
 And thus the Ethiop' said :
- 2 " See here an emblematic flood,
 And what doth hinder me
 To be baptiz'd, as JESUS taught,
 And bear his cross with thee ?"
- 3 The faithful preacher thus repli'd,
 " If thou believ'st, thou may'st ;"
 " I do," he said ; they quick descend,
 And to the water haste.

- 4 Intent on duty's call, they go
Down through the yielding stream;
And straight the eunuch was baptiz'd
In Jesus' precious name.
- 5 So now the willing converts press
To hear the joyful sound;
And those who hear and live, are all
In sweet obedience found.

250. L. M.

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey his sacred word;
He died and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?
- 2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

251. L. M.

- 1 SUCH are our God's appointed ways,
Where walked the saints in ancient days;
This path divine apostles trod,
'Twas honor'd by the Son of God.
- 2 Thus we obey, as God hath bid,
And do as the Redeemer did;

And thus enjoin'd, we would not dare
With men, or flesh, or blood confer.

- 3 So we our faith and hope express,
In pard'ning and in cleansing grace ;
So we the solemn signal give,
We're dead to sin, to GOD we live.
- 4 Behold the youth, while in their bloom,
To JESUS CHRIST the Saviour come ;
Behold they come without delay,
Walking in GOD's commanded way.

252. L. M. *Orig. by a Convert.*

- 1 OBEDIENT to the word of GOD,
We at the water now appear,
Baptizing in the liquid flood,
As CHRIST enjoins his followers here.
- 2 We rise and pass the flowing wave,
And onward speed with joy our way :
JESUS thus rose, and from the grave
Triumphant soar'd to realms of day.
- 3 Now let us praise, and watch and pray,
And keep eternity in sight ;
That, at the appointed time, we may
Meet CHRIST in judgment with delight.
- 4 'Then shall we hear his voice proclaim,
" Ye faithful souls, who kept my word,
Rejoice and glorify my name,
And dwell forever with your Lord."

253. C. M.

- 1 **HOW** shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

254. C. M.

- 1 **HOW** precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide my way,

Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

255. C. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord, we earnest pray,
Let grace to us be given,
To point our rising charge the way
To happiness and heaven.
- 2 O, that with wisdom from above,
Our minds may be imbued,
With patience, tenderness and love,
And zeal in doing good.
- 3 The Saviour's mind may we possess,
And in his strength be strong,
Through disappointment and success
Pass steadily along.
- 4 And in that day when worlds shall stand
Before thy judgement throne;
Smile, Saviour, on this youthful band,
And claim them for thine own.

256. L. M.

- 1 BE ours' the happy work to guide
Untutor'd youth in wisdom's ways;
Teach them from sin to turn aside,
Point them to CHRIST and humbly pray,
- 2 That He who laid his Godhead by,
And left the lofty courts above,
Partook of our humanity,
And died to prove that he was love,

- 3 Would crown our efforts with success,
And grant that the instruction given
May lead to peace and happiness,
And guide their wandering feet to heaven.
- 4 May we around thy throne of love,
Unite to praise the Saviour's grace;
Teachers and children meet above,
And see Immanuel face to face,
- 5 Without the dimning veil between,
That now conceals his dazzling light;
Here, sin and sorrow intervene,
There, faith is swallow'd up in sight!

257. L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY SOVEREIGN of the skies,
Thou only good, thou only wise;
Our youthful hymns to thee we bring,
And hail thee, UNIVERSAL KING.
- 2 The heavenly choirs around thy throne
Attune their harps to thee alone;
And shall we, children here below,
No praises on thy name bestow?
- 3 Send down, O Lord, thy power and grace,
And fill our hearts with prayer and praise;
Then, ceaseless, shall our songs ascend,
In anthems to the children's Friend.
- 4 Oft as the Sabbath School we meet,
Our Scripture lessons to repeat,
May JESUS in our midst appear,
To give us knowledge, love and fear.

- 5 And when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
When up to heaven our spirits soar,
May golden harps to us be given,
To sing thy endless praise in heaven.

258. C. M.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught this world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food or health
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And fit us for the tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with holy fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

259. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father, and my Friend ?

So young a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little child can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And daily strive to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5 Art thou my Father? Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

260. L. M.

1 WE offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestow'd,
In leading one beneath our care,
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2 What trials to his* lot may fall, *or, her.
What toilsome duties to fulfil,
We do not know, but in them all,
Be thou his strength and comfort still.

- 2 May JESUS be his constant friend,
The Bible his support and stay,
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend,
To bless and guide him day by day.

261. C. M.

SCHOLARS.

- 1 THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend;
To thee we 'll tune our song of praise;
Thou art "the Children's Friend."
- 2 From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
Lord, save our souls from sin and wo;
Be thou the "Children's Friend."
- 3 Teach us to prize thy holy word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love "the Children's Friend."
- 4 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
From ev'ry ill defend;
Help us in early life to flee
To thee, the "Children's Friend."

CONGREGATION.

- 5 May all our hopes be fix'd on high;
And when our lives shall end,
Then may we live above the sky
With CHRIST, "the Sinner's Friend."

262. L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind !
Accept our humble suppliant prayer :
Our union bless ; let every mind,
In hymns of praise, thy name declare,
- 2 May teachers, friends, and children too,
Thy mercy find, thy goodness prove,
And, while on earth, may we pursue
The path to endless joys above.

263. L. M.

- 1 LORD, while the little heathen bend
And call some wooden god their friend,
Or stand and see, with bitter cries,
Their mothers burnt before their eyes :
- 2 While many a dear and tender child
Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,
Or left upon the river's brink,
To suffer more than heart can think :
- 3 Behold ! what mercies we possess !
How far beyond our thankfulness !
By happy thousands, here we stand,
To serve thee, in a Christian land.
- 4 O, when that awful day shall rise,
When CHRIST shall come in yonder skies,
And we must answer, one by one,
For every deed our hands have done,
- 5 Lord, let it not be said of us,
That heathen children were not worse,

But may we now that pardon crave,
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.

- 6 With all the bright and happy crowd,
We then would praise thee, long and loud ;
And O, to little heathen send,
The news of CHRIST, the sinner's friend.

264. L. M.

- 1 ACCEPT our thanks, O God of truth !
Spared this returning day to see ;
Still bless the guardian friends of youth,
Engaged to bring them up for thee.
- 2 Oft have we felt thy gracious power,
And still to thee we lift our eyes ;
Now, give the pentecostal shower,
Now, with thy Spirit all baptize.
- 3 As in times past, again appear ;
Our cherish'd work increase, approve ;
Our hearts reply, Lo ! God is here !
Behold the tokens of his love.
- 4 Smile on our union : still the same
Our toils, our prospects and our end ;
One hope, one heaven, our only aim
The Saviour's kingdom to extend.
- 5 Thy servants, JESUS, prove and seal,
And bless this joyous day's return ;
Stir up the fire of sacred zeal,
Stir up, and bid it ever burn :

265. 8 & 7.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns in heaven,
For a living, deathless soul ;
Praise to his blest name be given,
While eternal ages roll.
- 2 Praise to him who dwells in glory,
For the gift of CHRIST the Lord ;
And that all the wondrous story,
Is recorded in his word.
- 3 Low before his footstool bending,
We would praise th' incarnate God,
For the grace on us descending
Through his own most precious blood.
- 4 For our Sabbath School we bless thee ;
By our teachers' tender care,
We are taught to know and love thee,
And to breathe an infant's prayer.

266. L. M.

- 1 FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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APPENDIX,

CONTAINING A LARGE NUMBER OF ORIGINAL AND
DEVOTIONAL HYMNS, MOSTLY FROM THE PEN
OF ELDER N. COLVER, OF BOSTON.

267. C. M. SOMETHING NEW.

- 1 SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
He roves creation through,
And vainly seeks for solid bliss,
In trying something new.
- 2 The new possess'd, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue ;
The bauble now no longer takes ;
The soul wants something new.
- 3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,
The heart would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.
- 4 But when we know the Saviour's love,
All good in him we view ;
The soul forsakes its vain delights,
In CHRIST finds something new.
- 5 The joy a dear Redcemer gives,
Will bear a strict review,
Nor need we ever change again,
For CHRIST is always new.

268. 11s. N. Colver.

- 1 ADIEU, ye soft scenes, that have led me astray,
Adieu, ye vain dreams, that so sadly betray;
Adieu, ye vain world, all your pleasures adieu,
Your charms are deceitful, your pledges untrue.
- 2 Long time have I stray'd through your varying field,
And tasted each pleasure your banquets could yield;
But pleasure ne'er found but that ended in pain,
Until I found JESUS, the Lamb, that was slain.
- 3 O! JESUS, I hail thee, thou once bleeding Lamb,
For thou hast redeem'd me from death and from sin;
Thy praises forever shall be my delight,
My theme through the day, and my song in the night.
- 4 When troubles assail me, I'll call on thy name,
Unbosom my sorrows and tell thee my sin;
I'll tell thee my fears, and I'll tell thee my woes,
When weary, I'll seek thy blest arms for repose.
- 5 While safe on thy bosom my soul shall recline,
I'll feast on thy love, which is pure and divine;
'This banquet yields pleasures, that pleasures increase,
And they flow from a fountain that never will cease.
- 6 O! come, fellow sinner, enjoy then with me,
Those pleasures which JESUS for all hath made free;
Why starve ye on husks, that are food but for swine,
While in JESUS is plenty of bread, milk and wine.

269. 8 & 6. R. Turnbull.

My Father's House.

- 1 THERE is a place of waveless rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies.
My Father's house, my heav'nly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepar'd by hands divine, for all
Who seek that better land.

- 2 When toss'd upon the waves of life,
With fear on ev'ry side ;
When fiercely howls the gath'ring storm,
And foams the angry tide ;
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 Yes ! at that fearful, dreadful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now
Shall hurry us away,
The visions of that heav'nly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.
- 4 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete ;
There, there adieu are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine
Untroubled and serene.

270. Ss. N. Colver.

- 1 THE greatness for which I aspire,
Dear Lord, in thy kingdom of grace,
Is not that which worldlings admire,
I seek neither titles nor place.

- 2 I would not a rabbi be call'd,
Distinctions of earth I disdain ;
Earth's baubles, its gems and its gold,
Its pomp and its glories are vain.
- 3 But great in my love would I be,
And great in my sorrow for sin ;
And great in my service of thee,
And great in my service of thine.
- 4 For no other greatness I pant,
But such as thy graces impart ;
Great likeness to JESUS I want,
I sigh for a sanctified heart.
- 5 Such greatness to worms may be giv'n,
Or shine in the angels of light ;
Wrapt seraphs may wear it in heav'n,
Or pilgrims encompass'd with night.
- 6 Such greatness, dear Saviour, be mine,
Through grace, rich, abounding and free ;
All honor and praise shall be thine,
And thine all the glory shall be.

271. S & 6. N. Colver.

- 1 JESUS, to thee I'll look and pray,
At morn, and noon and even ;
Cast ev'ry weight and sin away,
And gird my soul for heaven.
In all my pilgrimage below,
By storms and tempests driven,
My cross I'll bear, my ease forego,
CHRIST is my pattern given.

- 2 If dangers, thronging round my path
 E'er fills my heart with fear,
 One look to CHRIST renews my faith,
 I 'm safe, for he is near.
 The faith which his own grace begun,
 His grace will still complete ;
 The conquering JESUS has a throne,
 Where all his saints shall sit.
- 3 My joy shall speed the heavenly race,
 Till I the prize have won ;
 The charms that shine in JESUS' face,
 Inspire me as I run.
 'Treasures of earth, compar'd with thee,
 I 'll count but worthless dross :
 Since JESUS has a crown for me,
 I 'll glory in his cross.

272. H. M.

- 1 NOW whilst I try my heart
 By God's unerring word,
 My conscience can assert
 I truly fear the Lord ;
 I cannot tread the paths of sin.
 I long for holiness within.
- 2 Yes, holiness of heart,
 I would more largely share ;
 I mourn with inward smart,
 The evils that are there.
 I hate my thoughts because they're vain,
 I would from ev'ry sin abstain.

- 3 I hate this wretched pride,
 These covetous desires ;
 I 'd have them crucifi'd,
 For God my heart requires.
 JESUS, do thou these foes subdue,
 O make me more sincere and true.
- 4 I'd live alone to thee,
 I love t' obey thy word,
 Well pleas'd that thou shouldst be
 My Saviour and my Lord.
 To thee I now resign my heart,
 Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

273. 8 & 6. N. Colver.

- 1 MY Father's house, my Father's house !
 Oh ! there is rest for me ;
 Mansions of rest, on cloudless plains,
 I soon with joy shall see.
 Surge on, thou troubled stream of life,
 Nor spare my weary soul ;
 Your noise, and rage, and hurrying strife,
 But speed me to my goal.
- 2 My Father's house, my Father's house,
 The ones I love are there ;
 Their toils are o'er, at home with CHRIST,
 His boundless bliss they share.
 O, how I long to reach that place
 Where my best kindred dwell,
 Where I shall sing among the rest,
 And love the mansion well.

- 3 My Father's house, my Father's house,
I love to think of *home*,
In all my lonely hours of night,
While here on earth I roam.
Mansions of light, of peace, of love,
Where joy eternal reigns;
Nor storm, nor care, nor grief is known
Throughout those blissful plains.
- 4 My Father's house, my Father's house,
Blest JESUS, thou art there;
And there are palms and crowns for those
Who love his cross to bear.
Come, death, this house of clay dissolve,
And set a pris'ner free;
Haste, angels, bring my spirit home,
My Father's house to see.

274. C. M. N. Colver.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, thou art all in all,
My hope in thee I find;
The only portion of my soul,
The comfort of my mind.
- 2 "Moses of old" is only good,
Is only good for me;
Because, with goats and bullocks' blood,
He points my soul to thee.
- 3 Inspired tongues, and sacred pens,
Have only charms for me;
Because in all their heavenly strains,
They speak, my Lord, of thee.

- 4 The ordinances of thy house
Are only sweet to me,
As they my slumbering passions rouse,
And draw my soul to thee.
- 5 My duties too, are only sweet,
Are only sweet to me,
When I am low at JESUS' feet,
And hail the crown on thee.
- 6 Dear JESUS, thou hast deign'd to save,
O, grant thy grace to me ;
And then with all the powers I have,
My soul shall honor thee.

275. C. M. N. Colver.

- 1 OFT have the saints been sore oppress'd,
With prison walls around ;
But still this joy their souls possess'd,
The word of God 's not bound.
- 2 Tyrants and kings, and mighty foes,
On saints have often frown'd ;
But still this joy their cup o'erflows,
The word is still unbound.
- 3 Their feet in stocks, their hands in chains,
Have often times been found ;
But still they sing in heavenly strains.
"The word is still unbound."
- 4 Prophets and saints in every clime,
"Perils" and "deaths" have found ;
But with them came this joy sublime,
That CHRIST cannot be bound.

- 5 And when the rage of man is past,
And all the saints are crown'd,
This grief-born song of joy shall last,
"The word of God's not bound."

276. C. P. M.

- 1 O THOU, who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffer'd once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood :
'That righteousness my robe shall be,
'That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

277. C. M.

- 1 ASSIST us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Where all our griefs were borne ;
To look on thee, whom we have pierc'd,
To look on thee, and mourn.
- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me !"

278. C. M. A. Sutton.

- 1 HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To praise the living Son!
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which JESUS' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot?
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?
Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.
- 3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.
- 4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
O sacred hope, O blissful hope, &c.

279. 8, 7 & 4. S. F. Smith.

- 1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 HOME! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—*Farewell*?
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands do dwell?
- 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land !—FAREWELL—FAREWELL !

280. C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threat'ning scene ;
Legions of foes encamp thee round,
And treachery lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail ;
All thine eternal hopes are lost
If their attempts prevail.
- 3 Now to the work of God awake ;
Thy Master never sleeps,
But holds thy deeds in full survey :
His hand the record keeps.
- 4 That awful register goes on ;
The account will surely come,
And opening day or closing night
May leave thee to thy doom.
- 5 Tremendous thought ! how it should urge
My soul to watch and pray ;
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And onward speed my way.

281. C. M.

- 1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free !
With JESUS they are now at rest,
And all his glory see !
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
" Who brought us near to God :"
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.
- 3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past ;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.
- 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given ;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

282. S. M.

- 1 O LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend its blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease ;

Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring !

283. 8s.

1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune all your soft harps to his praise.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glories display,
And all his great mercies relate.

3 He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

4 Oh when will the blest time appear,
When I shall unite in your song,
I' in weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.

- 5 I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
 I struggle and pant to be free;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see.
- 6 I want to put on my attire,
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb,
 I want to be one of his choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name.

284. 12s & 11s. N. Colver.

- 1 COME away to the mount, all resplendent with glory,
 See Jesus transfigured, he shines like the sun;
 List:—Elias, and Moses, recount the blest story,
 Of his conflict with death and of victory won.
 Hark! hark, from the cloud breaks the voice of Jehovah,
 What music and majesty blend in the sound?
 “My Son—my beloved! your Prince, your Messiah!
 Hear him, obey him, yield him homage profound!
 Dear Jesus, we hail thee, beloved of the Father,
 And joyful we yield thee our homage profound.
- 2 And though we may not always dwell on the mountain,
 Its scenes shall inspire; through the valley below;
 We will drink of the streams, till we come to the fountain,
 Those streams from the death smitten rock sweetly flow.
 As pilgrims awhile we will patiently wander,
 Where darkness and night on our pathway shall lower,
 Till the morning shall break, and the sun in its grandeur,
 Robed in splendor, his light on our vision shall pour;
 Then Jesus, we'll hail thee, in glory returning,
 We'll hail thee, and dwell on the mount evermore.

285. C. M.

- 1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O sinners, come away;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.

- 2 Oh ! don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw;
 He 'll then in robes of vengeance come,
 To execute his law.
- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
 If destitute of grace,
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face.
- 4 Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear ;
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 When wrapt in keen despair.

286. L. M. N. Colver.

- 1 THAT faith, which hath no works, is dead,
 As bodies, when the soul hath fled ;
 Fit only for the mouldering urn,
 To find no resurrection morn.
- 2 But faith decending from above,
 Is that which sweetly works by love ;
 That moves the heart, and moves the hand,
 To scatter blessings through the land.
- 3 Dead faith *presumes* ! not trusts the Lord ;
 The living *trusts*, and keeps his word ;
 Dead faith, no generous alms bestows ;
 The living, blesses friends and foes.
- 4 Lord, purge my heart from faith that 's dead,
 Nor let my soul a carcass wed ;
 To me, let living faith be given,
 That works on earth, and soars to heaven.

287. S. M. N. Colver.

- 1 WHAT raptures fill the mind,
When we the cross can view ; -
We hail thee, Lord, as strangely kind,
And all our vows renew.
- 2 Like showers of gentle rain,
He sends his Spirit down ;
Our dying graces live again,
And seeds of bliss are sown.
- 3 The spices yield perfume,
When dews of grace are given ;
The plants of grace are all in bloom,
And fragrance smells to heaven.
- 4 Dear Lord, we wait for thee ;
Our spirits pant for God ;
Permit us, Lord, thy face to see ;
Come, shed thy love abroad.

288. 11, 12 & 5. Tune Sweet Home.

- 1 WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer ;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet restrains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.
- 2 When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart ;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
Oh ! how hurtfully pleasing, till hallowed by prayer,
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

- 3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare ;
On looking to Jesus we conquer by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

- 4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heaven pours its full streams thro' no medium but this ;
And till we the seraphs' full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

289. C. M.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed !

And did my Sovereign die !

Would he devote that sacred head

For such a wretch as I !

O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,

The Lamb on Calvary ;

The Lamb who was slain,

Who liveth again,

To intercede for me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done

He groan'd upon the tree !

Amazing pity! grace unknown!

And love beyond degree !

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in,

When God, the mighty Saviour, died

For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.

5 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here Lord, I give myself away,
My soul and body too.

290. L. M.

- 1 **THOUGH** we no costly offering bring,
The Lord will not our prayer despise ;
He'll stoop to listen while we sing,
Nor spurn our humble notes of praise.
- 2 Not myrrh fresh dripping from the tree,
Nor opening flowers in dewy morn,
Such fragrance yields, dear Lord, for thee,
As when our grateful passions burn.
- 3 The broken heart, the flowing tear,
The budding hope, the trembling prayer,
Far richer in thy sight appear,
Than all the gems that monarchs wear.

291. 8s. Happiness only with Jesus.

- 1 **HOW** tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
- 2 His name yields the sweetest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;

His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

- 3 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

292. C. M.

- 1 CHRIST is the way to heavenly bliss,
And CHRIST the only door ;
My soul, pursue no way but this,
For this alone is sure.
- 2 'Tis through this door, and this alone,
That thou art led to God ;
Rest, then, on what thy Lord has done,
And plead his precious blood.
- 3 This door will lead thee safe to heaven,
And give thee entrance in ;
And God will own thy sins forgiven,
However vile they 've been.

293. S. M.

- 1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?—
- 2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall ;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all ?

- 3 Who can forbear to praise,
When angel-notes prolong,
O'er sinners turning from their ways,
The high, seraphic song?

294. H. M. N. Colver.

- 1 O! HOW I love the place
Where saints adoring stand;
When Jesus shows his face
Amid the social band.
His grace descends | On Zion's hill,
As dews distill | And praise ascends.
- 2 God's word is sweet and good;
What pleasures fill the mind!
He gives us heavenly food;
Our Lord is strangely kind!
For such displays, | Our spirits burn
In sweet return | With love and praise.

295. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;

Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sov'reign grace.

- 4 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

296. C. M. N. Colver.

- 1 JESUS, how charming is thy name !
How rich thy mercies are,
When spreads from heart to heart the flame
In social praise and prayer !
- 2 How do our mutual joys increase,
How fast our sorrows flee,
When we our mutual thoughts express,
Our mutual thoughts of thee.

297. C. M. N. Colver.

- 1 O ! WHAT a rich and sacred stream
From JESUS' opening side !
O ! what a precious life poured forth,
When our IMMANUEL died !
- 2 That stream redeemed my soul from death,
And wash'd its guilt away :
Henceforth let praise employ my breath,
Now and eternally.

298. 10 & 11.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel ;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish ;
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure ;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
“Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.”

299. C. M. N. Colver.

- 1 O ! HOW I love the sacred place
Where Christians meet to pray ;
Here JESUS shows his lovely face,
And here my soul would stay.
- 2 Rich are the dews of heavenly grace
Distilling from above ;
Sweetly it tunes our tongues to praise,
And fills our hearts with love.

300. C. M. N. Colver.

- 1 LOW at thy feet, our dearest Lord,
We bow and worship there ;
We bow as weeping Mary did,
When she thy *voice* did hear.
- 2 Lord, call us Mary—what thou wilt,
But let us *know* thy voice ;
'T will chase our sorrows, dry our tears,
And make our hearts rejoice.

301. C. M. N. Colver.

- 1 O ! WHAT a feast of joy divine,
When Jesus is our guest ;
His presence makes the water wine,
To cheer and please the taste.

- 2 There's none of all the joys below
That can with CHRIST compare;
He makes our joys like rivers flow,
While we his presence share.

302. L. M. N. Colver.

- 1 LORD, let thy Spirit deign to stay,
And aid us while we praise and pray;
May we that sacred union know
Which gives a taste of heaven below.
- 2 O! touch our lips with holy fire,
Our passions raise, our love inspire,
Our ev'ry thought on JESUS turn,
Make every heart with incense burn.

303. L. M. N. Colver.

- 1 LET those who love the Lord rejoice,
And let them speak their joys abroad;
In JESUS' name lift up the voice;
Proclaim the honors of your God.
- 2 He bore the cross, that he might bless,
And put on us a starry crown;
Let ev'ry tongue his name confess;
And make his grace and glory known.

304. 7 & 6. Hull.

- 1 WHEN souls are first converted
They mount on wings above;
The world thinks they're distracted,
Because they're filled with love.

They fly from ev'ry evil,
And trust in God alone ;
They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.

305. Ss. N. Colver.

- 1 THE time of departure has come ;
Our social communion must cease ;
While each shall repair to his home
Dear JESUS continue to bless.
Our lingering hearts would remain ;
A charm is thrown over the place ;
In parting there always is pain,
But now intermingled with grace. .
- 2 So felt the disciples of old,
When JESUS they could not detain ;
Assured he would gather his fold
In mansions of bliss to remain.
O ! hasten, dear Lord, that blest day,
When parting no more shall be known,
When gathered, for ever to stay,
We 'll worship and gaze on thy throne.

306. L. M.

- 1 GOD of our mercies ! thee we praise,
To thee our grateful thanks arise ;
Accept our thanks, in cheerful lays,
Our joy, and worship, sweetly blend.
- 2 Thy grace hath wretched drunkards found,
Cast out and weltering in their blood ;

Now from their tongues doth praise resound,
That praise belongs to thee, O God.

- 3 Restor'd to virtue by thy hand,
The father, brother, son, arise ;
From sin and wo, reclaim'd they stand,
And swell thy praise with tearful eyes.
- 4 The mother, sister, daughter, too,
With tears of gratitude and praise,
Behold the change, and now, anew,
Receive their friends to their embrace.
- 5 Thanks, thanks to thee, O God, we give,
What better tribute can we pay ?
'Tis on thy bounties that we live,
We praise thee for this new display.

307. 7s.

- 1 HOLY FATHER, God of love,
Send thy Spirit from above ;
While thy praise we sweetly sing,
We our supplication bring.
- 2 For the burdened slave we mourn,
Joy to his sad heart return ;
For the weary souls oppress'd,
We employ thy peace and rest.
- 3 See his burden, hear his cries ;
In thy gracious love arise ;
Rend his fetters, set him free,
Break the yoke of tyranny.

4 Then his thankful voice shall raise
Songs to thee, of grateful praise ;
Thy great love shall be his theme,
He shall own the Lord supreme.

308. L. M. N. Colver.

- 1 JESUS, we bow before thy throne ;
Thy bowels melt with tenderness ;
Hear thou the helpless captives groan,
His grief, let Mercy's hand redress.
Hast thou not taught our hearts to burn—
Our eyes with tears to overflow ;
When suff'ring fellow creatures mourn,
When others drink the cup of wo ?
- 2 And wilt thou not our voice regard,
When we for sighing bondmen pray ?
Shall such petitions be unheard
By Him, who prayed on Calvary ?
Tyrants may mock our flowing tears,
And our petitions proudly spurn ;
But let them know Jehovah hears,
Nor let our prayer in vain, return.
- 3 God's hand shall break th' oppressor's yoke,
And ransomed millions shout, Amen ;
While tyrants tremble at the stroke,
Heaven smiles ; and freedom lives again.
Salvation's stream that erst was staid,
Shall onward roll its waters free ;
Where slavery spreads its dismal shade,
Shall wake the song of Jubilee.

309. L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Ride on victorious, Prince of peace,
'Th' oppressor bow, the slave release ;
Nor in thy glorious progress rest,
Till all the sons of wo are blest.
- 3 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attend thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

310. S. M. N. Colver.

- 1 LORD of the poor oppress'd,
To thee our prayers ascend,
Of boundless power thou art possess'd,
Thy pow'r and mercy blend.
- 2 Hear thou the captive's wail,
His cup o'erflows with grief ;
O let his sighs and tears prevail ;
Let mercy bring relief.
- 3 Obdurate tyrants scorn,
Nor heed their rising wo,
And while crush'd millions bleed and mourn
Their hearts no pity know.
- 4 Arise, O God, arise,
Break, break the tyrant's rod ;

The proud oppressor's pow'r despise,
Reveal the captive's God.

- 5 Proclaim the jubilee,
Sweet music to his ear ;
That hand which sets the bondman free,
Shall dry the mourner's tear.

311. L. M. N. Colver.

- 1 "AWAKE, my people !" saith your God !
" Your brother's blood the land profanes !"
O ! sanction not the oppressor's rod,
Nor bend your spirits to his chains.
- 2 " With breaking heart and tortur'd nerve,
Your brother drains the bitter cup.
Now, in the name of him ye serve,
'The living God of hosts, come up !"
- 3 Dumb in his grief, his voice is still,
Arise, your brother's cause to plead ;
Let faith each fervent bosom fill,
While for the slave ye intercede.
- 4 Rest not, nor give Jehovah rest,
Till his right hand relief shall bring ;
'Till all the sons of wo are bless'd,
Till every captive heart shall sing ;
- 5 Till slavery's chain, and slavery's sighs,
And slavery's groans are known no more ;
Till all beneath the bending skies,
Joyful, shall freedom's God adore.

312. 8, 7 & 4.

- 1 HARK ! the wail—the voice of anguish,
In our highly favor'd land ;
Brethren doom'd in chains to languish,
Lift to heaven th' fetter'd hand ;
And despairing,
Death to end their grief, demand.
- 2 Let us raise our supplication
For the scourg'd and fetter'd slave ;
All whose life is desolation,
All whose hope is in the grave.
God of mercy,
From thy throne, O hear, and save.
- 3 Those in bonds, we would remember,
Lord, our hands with theirs are bound ;
With each helpless, suff'ring member,
Let our sympathies be found,
Till our labors
Spread the smile of freedom round.
- 4 From thy throne the word is spoken,
“ Tyrant's cruel power must cease ;
From the slave, the chain be broken,
Captives hail the kind release : ”
Then in splendor
Christ shall reign, the Prince of peace !

313. 6 & 4.

- 1 ROLL on, thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,

Shall to the ground be hurl'd ;
 And freedom's flag unfurl'd,
 Shall wave throughout the world,
 O'er ev'ry slave.

2 Trump of glad jubilee,
 Echo o'er land and sea,
 Freedom for all.

Let the glad tidings fly,
 And ev'ry tribe reply,
 Glory to God on high,
 At slavery's fall.

3 Free, too, the captive mind,
 By darkness long confin'd
 In slavery's night.

The Saviour's reign extend,
 Virtue with freedom blend,
 And full salvation send,
 With freedom's light.

314. 11 & 5.

WHEN the fierce north wind, with its airy forces,
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
 And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
 Rushing amain down ;

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble !
 While the hoarse thunder, like the martial trumpet,
 Roars a fierce onset to the gaping waters,
 Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly)—
 Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
 Shakes the creation.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven ;
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
 While the dread summons thunders through death's
 "Come all to Judgement." [caverns,

See the sky parting, and the Judge descending !
 Now let our praises all arise to JESUS ;
 How he sits God-like ! and the saints around him
 Thron'd yet adoring.

Oh, may I sit there, when he comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
 While our hosannas all along the passage,
 Shout the REDEEMER.

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